

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. CI

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1939

NUMBER 1307

Hi-O Silver!

In a solemn session the League of Nations considers whether a member state is to be expelled for unprovoked aggression. On past occasions when this has happened there was one voice which always spoke clearly and fearlessly, rallying the conscience of the world to support international morality. But now the great protagonist of collective security is absent. Maxim Litvinov is not there to awaken the echoes in the Hall of Delegates; it is Maxim Litvinov's own nation which is on trial. Having failed to raise a posse in the past, it has decided to join the outlaws. The Lone Ranger rides no more.

How Many Ships Is Britain Losing?

Tucked away in the business section of the papers recently was the sensational news that the British are not telling the world about their full losses at sea. At a conference on insurance held by the American Management Association on December 9, it was said that marine underwriters are not getting adequate reports on the destruction caused by Germany's pocket battleships. It was recalled that the depredations of the German raiders in the last war were not fully revealed until it was over. We don't have to ask why this news did not make the front page. But it sets us wondering whether Hitler may not have a good reason for playing a waiting game on the western front. Apparently the German admiralty is more confident of crippling Brit-

ish sea communications than Winston Churchill will admit it has a right to be.

No War Boom Now

Mr. Kennedy's article on page 250 of this issue concludes that Allied war buying will benefit American business—if the war lasts two years and is fought intensively. Readers should be wary, however, of judging immediate results on this basis. So far there has been no increase of foreign orders or exports sufficient to justify the increase in production which has taken place. Informed experts still believe that this bulge is largely an "inventory boom," due for early collapse. The facts adduced by Mr. Kennedy bear on long-term prospects and not on the business outlook for the spring of 1940.

It's Red to Be Thrifty

A characteristic performance of the Dies Committee was the report by its "investigator" J. B. Matthews smearing numerous consumer agencies. No hearings were given to the accused. The report was presented to a subcommittee consisting of nobody but Chairman Dies himself, and was published without previous knowledge or consent on the part of the other members of the committee. Mr. Matthews had a personal grudge against some of those whom he attacked, for he was an executive of Consumers' Research during the strike against that organization which resulted in the formation of Consumers' Union. Mr. Matthews tried

CONTENTS

The Week 243

Editorials

Mobilizing Against Russia 246
A Plan for a Healthy Nation 247
Pollyanna for President 248

General Articles

Finland: Hitler's Coup? . . . Genevieve Tabouis 249
Is a Munitions Boom Coming? . . E. D. Kennedy 250
Not in the Cables Germanicus 252
American Youth Says Keep Out
Praise (verse) John Chamberlain 253
How France Is Taking the War . . F. C. Hanighen 255

In the Margin Kenneth Burke 257
Washington Notes T. R. B. 258
Other People's Money John T. Flynn 259
Films: Another Language Otis Ferguson 260
The Bandwagon 261

Correspondence 262

Books in Review

Essays in Ideas Malcolm Cowley 264
Study in Sex Lewis Mumford 265
Slightly Pied Pipers
Edmund Wilson and Chauncey Hackett 266
Murder for Sale Edgar Johnson 267
Single Taxer Robert Morss Lovett 268
A Reader's List 269

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1939, IN THE U.S.A. BY EDITORIAL PUBLICATIONS, INC., 40 EAST 49TH ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.
ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A.

to break the strike by calling it a Communist plot, but the Labor Board upheld the strikers.

According to Mr. Matthews, Consumers' Union and other sympathetic agencies are Communist plots to discredit advertising and upset capitalism, which he says is based on advertising. Most of the persons whom he accuses of being Communists or fellow travelers deny it; but that is not the important point. The point is what Consumers' Union does. It inspects competitive products and tells its subscribers which are the "best buys," which are "also recommended," and which are "not recommended." There is no evidence that its advice is not impartial or competent. Many of the articles it recommends are widely advertised, and nearly all are the products of highly capitalistic enterprise. If this injures advertising, it injures only the kind that is mendacious ballyhoo. And we can imagine no activity more suitable to make capitalism work better; the very theory of capitalism traces much of its virtue to competition and intelligent choice by consumers.

Mr. Matthews' slander is miraculously timed to coincide with the drive of certain advertising agencies against the consumer movement, and with the defense of Hearst's Good Housekeeping Magazine against the Federal Trade Commission's charge that it is guilty of misrepresentation in its advertising pages.

Ohio Eats

In at least one Ohio city the situation of those on relief has been improved. Mayor Burton of Cleveland announced on December 11 that the city's unemployed would get full relief, beginning December 15. Full relief is little enough, but it is far better than the previous situation, where many thousands of people received nothing but a few pounds a week of cornmeal and apples. Help for Cleveland has come partly from the sale of tax-delinquency notes and partly from increased activity by the WPA. Political experts believe that Governor Bricker of Ohio has not only ruined his chance of getting the Republican presidential nomination, but has done the party itself great harm. He was acting on the familiar GOP theory that the unemployed are political favorites or are just malingering. What he proved to the whole country was that the notion is false, that need is still tremendous and that many thousands on relief are unemployable at the kinds of work usually offered. We don't know whether the political experts are right, but we hope they are. Making the unemployed the football of politics is so heartless that even politicians with a thick skin and a strong stomach must feel a little queasy about it.

The NLRB on Trial

William M. Leiserson of the National Labor Relations Board made a good witness before the congressional committee investigating its activities—a committee that was created to embarrass it. He freely

admitted friction within the Board and certain mistakes made by its staff. He is opposed to Mr. Nathan Witt, its secretary, and wants him discharged. But most of the troubles of the Board, he made clear, come from those who lose their cases under its decisions, and these troubles are greatly aggravated by the split in the labor movement. He thinks the Board has done an excellent job on the whole, and will do better in the future. He is opposed to any substantial modifications in the law, which he believes is just and is necessary to equalize labor's rights with those always held by employers. Mr. Leiserson's view is statesmanlike compared with the ill tempered attacks on the Board and the law by the AFL and the CIO. It is high time for responsible labor leaders to consider whether they want to endanger the greatest advance in status that the trade unions have ever won in this country, simply to support disappointed litigants or to maintain the property rights of certain narrow-minded labor officials in minor "unions" to which a majority of the rank and file concerned do not wish to belong.

TVA Taxes

If anybody thinks that TVA power is safe from further private-utility sniping, he is greatly mistaken. One controversy now being fanned by private power is that over taxes. Failure of states and cities to receive taxes from public power properties has been urged as a reason to avoid them. TVA power regularly sets aside a sufficient amount to pay the taxes that would be due if it were a private project; the consumers pay this amount in their bills. But the original law provides only for payment of part of this amount, and to two states only—Alabama and Tennessee. This gives conservatives in the states served by the TVA a cause for complaint. Senator Norris has set out to obviate the complaint by a new bill, designed to distribute equitably among the states concerned the full amount set aside as a tax-equivalent. But private-utility forces are urging that to do this would be a burden on all federal taxpayers. Their argument is nonsense, because TVA power pays its own way, including the tax-equivalent, by selling its current. All the change would mean is that it would not have such a large cash surplus which might be added to amortization of its original debt. The point is simply that private utilities don't want to see the complaint removed.

Tapped Wires

When cops are chasing robbers, they are under a strong temptation to tap telephone wires. Information and evidence can thus be had that are otherwise unavailable, and any scruples the police may have are usually overbalanced by the reflection that theirs is a good cause. From now on, however, this type of action will not be open to federal officers. The United States Supreme Court in several separate decisions

has forbidden the use, in federal cases, of evidence obtained from tapping wires, whether or not the conversations are across state lines. It has also restricted the use of evidence obtained, even indirectly, from wire tapping. As Mr. Justice Frankfurter remarked: "... The trial judge must give opportunity, however closely confined, to the accused to prove that a substantial portion of the case against him was a fruit of the poisonous tree." It is not yet known what effect these decisions of the Supreme Court will have upon the tapping of wires by state officers within the boundaries of a single state. New York, for example, has a new constitutional amendment which permits wire tapping if a warrant has been obtained in advance from the State Supreme Court telling all the facts. It is easy to sympathize with police officers, who deal with dangerous professional criminals and are handicapped in obtaining evidence against them. On the other hand, we know by experience that abuses creep into police techniques of this sort and that they constitute a threat to civil liberties. The European dictatorships live on tapped wires.

Maverick

A maverick by definition is an unbranded steer. They tried to brand Mayor Maury Maverick of San Antonio and they failed. He can now go back to the job—and a big one it is—of cleaning up his city. A jury has acquitted him of the charge that he had conspired to pay the poll taxes of individuals who, presumably, were supposed in return to vote for him. It was absurd to imagine that Mayor Maverick would jeopardize his political future by participating in an electoral fraud of this character. We hope the nationwide publicity his case has received may direct attention toward the evils of the poll tax itself, a device used in many states, especially in the South, to keep poor people from voting. It was the poll tax that should have been the defendant in the trial.

To Help the Investor

Fifteen million Americans hold securities of various sorts. There are 39,000,000 savings-bank accounts, 124,000,000 life-insurance policies. Nearly all of these investors, depositors and policy-holders are ignorant of the essential facts about the enterprises into which they have put their money. Millions of people have been robbed of many billions of dollars by unscrupulous or incompetent financiers. Millions more have lost money in life-insurance schemes that failed because they were badly planned or not planned at all. Banks invest the funds of their depositors in enterprises of which those depositors know nothing, enterprises they might strongly disapprove if they knew the facts. New securities nowadays are registered with the SEC, which gives many people a false sense of safety—false since the SEC does not guarantee the

obligations recorded with it. Even a statement by a certified public accountant may be meaningless—remember McKesson and Robbins!

To help remedy this situation, the American Investors' Union has just been formed. A non-profit membership corporation, it will seek to give the small investor who becomes a member the service, and even more than the service, now available only to persons of great wealth. Its experts will study the reports of corporations and reduce them to non-technical language within the understanding of the average man. They will analyze the savings plans and insurance programs of individuals. New securities and savings schemes will be investigated. When possible, the AIU will try to get representation on boards of directors. It will seek stronger legislation and enforcement of existing laws. In addition to special reports, it will publish a monthly magazine for its members, whose annual dues will be \$3 a year. (Inquiries can be addressed to the AIU at 10 East Fortieth Street, New York City.)

Black Gold in Mexico

The Mexican Supreme Court has at last confirmed the legality of the government's action in confiscating foreign-owned oil properties. That it would do so was a foregone conclusion; the Mexican Constitution permits such action and many other countries throughout the world have taken a similar course in reserving to the people ownership of subsoil minerals and oil. So far as American interests are concerned, the matter now passes to the hands of our State Department, which necessarily had to wait until the Mexican courts had completed their task. We are told that in handling the matter of payment for the expropriated properties the Good Neighbor policy will prevail. We hope so. Mexico is willing to pay a reasonable amount, but she must be given time. It is well to remember that foreigners have in the past taken enormous profits out of Mexico, that they still have very large possessions there, that all Latin America is watching these cases, and that anything less than a moderate and conciliatory attitude would injure the influence of our own country in all Latin America.

Character Assassination

Mr. Eugene Lyons, hot on the heels of Benjamin Stolberg, has served up another dish of Red-bait for the readers of *The Saturday Evening Post*. He repeats the charge that Dr. Jerome Davis is a Stalinist, and complains of the "character assassination" by Communists and fellow travelers of intellectuals who have criticized Soviet Russia or the party line in America. But Mr. Lyons himself indulges in the same tactics he imputes to the Communist-dominated intellectuals. Charging them with "ganging up" to prevent the publication of Stolberg's "Story of the CIO," he says:

One of the Viking editors, David Zablodowsky, a member of the Communist Party, was at the time president of the Book and Magazine Guild. The anti-Stolberg drive thus had support inside the publisher's office. The head of the firm being out of the country, the man in charge was intimidated into postponing publication.

Mr. Zablodowsky states that he is not and has never been a member of the Communist Party. We understand that the delay in the publication of the book was made for reasons which do not flatter Stolberg. The manuscript, we are told, had to be gone over carefully by lawyers and editors—and Mr. Zablodowsky happens not to have had anything to do with this work—to avoid glaring misstatements of fact which would have exposed the publishers to libel actions if not corrected. It seems to us that *The Saturday Evening Post* would do well to follow a similar course with its articles.

News Notes of a Week

A reorganization of the Swedish Cabinet was made for the purpose of replacing Foreign Minister Sandler, who had been attacked in the German press for alleged pro-British sympathy, and whose resignation we announced prematurely last week. . . . In a note delivered in London, Secretary Hull went through the motions of asking Britain to refrain from applying her German blockade to American ships and goods. . . . Rio de Janeiro political police arrested one hundred alleged agitators for plotting a Communist "party front" movement. The party has been outlawed in Brazil since 1937. . . . In London, the editors of *Old Moore's Almanac* peered into the office crystal ball and foresaw that the war would end in 1940, that Goering would succeed Hitler, and that an American woman would win the Grand National.

Representative Voorhis denounced the Dies Committee, of which he is a member, for its "undemocratic" release of a report on the consumer movement which he called "purely and simply the opinion of J. B. Matthews." But Mr. Matthews found a supporter in Richard E. Berlin, an executive of Hearst magazines. . . . Federal grand-jury indictments were lodged against Robert W. Wiener and Harry Gannes, prominent Communists, on charges of passport fraud similar to those made against Earl Browder. Nicholas Dozenberg was arrested in Portland, Oregon, on the same charge. . . . A New York City judge sentenced Fritz Kuhn to two and one-half to five years "as an ordinary small-time forger and thief and not because of his disseminations of any gospels of hate." . . . Secretary Ickes told a Newark, New Jersey, audience that he and General Johnson, who appeared on the same platform, were "both contending for the post of Donald Duck of Public Affairs." That would leave Thomas E. Dewey defending the title of Mickey Mouse against all comers.

Mobilizing Against Russia

IN THE SHADOWS out of which future events take their shape, there seems to be gathering a black cloud in the form of a war by the rest of the world against the Soviet Union. So far it is vague and without definite outline. Will it materialize in thunder and lightnings, or will it drift apart? It is easy to feel the gusts that precede the storm. Real war has not yet broken out on the western front. Rumors float about Europe, unauthorized, that Germany is ready to make a reasonable peace if Britain and France will support her in holding off the Bolshevik menace. Many believe that before Munich, this very project was the deliberate policy of Chamberlain and Daladier.

The League of Nations, suddenly revived, is hesitating on the point of expelling the Soviet Union for its Finnish aggression. Non-League powers like Italy, and possibly even Japan, are egging the others on. Sweden and Norway have swung from strict neutrality to neutrality benevolent to Finland, and may go farther, in self-defense. Even the United States has so far abandoned isolation from Europe and the policy of the Neutrality Act as not to recognize that a state of war exists, but rather to grant Finland a \$10,000,000 government loan for civilian supplies, and to prepare to return her instalment payment on the debt. Pressure increases from the conservatives to break off diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union. Arms are going to Finland from many nations.

We cannot be at all sure, however, that Germany is ready seriously to play this game. She would like to have enmity increased between Russia and her opponents. It might force Moscow into real military and economic coöperation with her. It would serve to limit the Soviet's advance at German expense. Both the Reich and Italy would be pleased if other powers, by threatening the Russian government, should restrict its activity in the Balkans. Hitler, while maintaining a technically unbroken friendship with Stalin, can profit to the exact extent that the hostility of other belligerents is drawn off against his ally, just as Stalin has hitherto profited by the threat to Germany.

There is little sign, moreover, that the British and French governments now regard the Russian threat more seriously than the German. After all, it was the Nazis who disturbed the peace in the first place, who swallowed Austria and Czecho-Slovakia, who laid Poland waste with an irresistible military machine, who now sit at the Westwall, who threaten Britain's food supply, who possess the largest air force. To direct this juggernaut of aggression toward the east would relieve the pressure for a while, but might not destroy it. For the Soviets' armed might is not at present impressive. Daily they are losing prestige through the successful resistance by the Finns. In spite of enormous

man-power, the Soviet armies seem to be hampered, as were the Imperial Russian, by inferior equipment and transport, perhaps even by incompetent command. It is Russia's apparent weakness, rather than her boasted strength, that deprives the more distant of the great nations of a sufficient motive to organize the world—including a dangerous Germany—against her. And the events of the past two years have given Britain and France an ineradicable conviction that there is no way to deal finally with Hitlerism except to defeat it in war.

Further reflections may also prevent the formation of the great alliance against communism that for years has been a possibility. If the Soviet Union is not greatly dreaded as a military power, except by its smaller neighbors, still less is it now to be feared as a world revolutionary force. The ultimate danger to enemies of communism the world around has always come not from Red soldiers crossing the Soviet Union frontiers, but from revolutionary movements within their own countries. But the Communist Parties of the world are no longer dangerous. Their following, outside of the loyal stalwarts, has been dissipated to the four winds. For all its revolutionary talk—of which much more has been heard in Moscow since the war—the Soviet dictatorship has actually resigned the leadership of world revolution. The only thing that might revive this leadership would be a world war in which the Soviet peoples themselves became victims of armed conquest.

A Plan for a Healthy Nation

AT LAST—A DEFINITE PLAN for health insurance. The American Association for Social Security, which has performed such magnificent service in this field for many years, has now written a model statute for any state wishing to set up a health-insurance plan. The proposed law was drafted at a conference under the auspices of the AASS by representatives of government agencies, physicians, unions and civic groups. The plan is for state legislation paralleled by federal grants-in-aid.

Funds would be obtained from taxes on employers and employees and contributions from the state. Medical, dental and hospital service would be given to individuals of limited income, perhaps \$2,000 or \$1,500 a year, and to their families. After a seven-day waiting period, cash benefits in case of illness would be available for twenty-six weeks. Hospital service would be given for twenty-one days, and an additional 111 days would be possible at 15 percent of cost. The dental service would cover simple routine items such as extractions and fillings. The patient could select his own doctor, dentist and hospital from the (presumably long) list of those available. The doctor may choose

to be remunerated in any one of three ways: he can be paid for each patient, or for each visit, or on a straight salary. He can reject any patient at his own option. The cash benefits for twenty-six weeks would vary with the family situation of the insured worker; a man with four dependents might receive as much as 75 or 80 percent of his normal earnings. The plan covers preventive as well as curative medicine.

In each state, a board would be created, consisting of four employers, four workers, five doctors, a state commissioner of health and a state commissioner of health insurance. There would be similar local boards in various districts throughout the state, in order to decentralize administration.

This plan has received the benefit of much intensive thought and the study of health-insurance systems throughout the world. It should be tried and tested against the best of the other plans—voluntary and compulsory—that have been suggested. Social medicine in some form is a necessity and is bound to come. Yet there are certain dangers in almost all the plans that should if possible be provided against. Most of these dangers are not those emphasized by professional opponents of socialized medicine, and have not entered into the calculations of the proponents. They are dangers common to the practice of medicine under existing conditions; we should take care to see that they are not crystallized in its extension under public medicine.

One is the fact that many neurotic individuals develop and retain, not merely hypochondriac disorders, but actual physical symptoms, so long as they receive compensation while ill. This phenomenon is currently referred to by doctors as "compensitis." The desire of an individual, often unconscious, to be taken care of or to avoid facing life may lead, strangely enough, to a will to be sick, if the cost is not too great. Marjorie Van de Water, writing in *Science News Letter* for December 9, refers to a skin specialist who "has a number of very persistent cases of skin trouble that seem caused by the 'compensation neurosis.'" Sometimes the same trait reinforces the accident habit or leads to diseases of other types. This is not conscious malingering. It does not mean that social provision for the cost of illness should not be made. But it is a far more serious problem than is generally understood by most people.

Still another difficulty is the fact that the illnesses now most prominent as causes of death or disability are not those for which specific forms of cure or prevention exist. In infectious and contagious diseases, childbirth and certain other cases, medicine has gone far to perfect its technique, and consequently widespread, routine application can greatly diminish the volume of sickness. But in the chronic illnesses such as cardio-vascular ailments, gastro-intestinal trouble and the like, traditional medical treatment is comparatively

ineffectual. Indeed, there is evidence that the conventionally trained physician may actually aggravate such diseases, especially if his diagnosis is hurried and casual. This is because they contain important emotional components, requiring psychiatric as well as medical intervention. This subject is now on the frontier of medicine, and while conclusions are still experimental and tentative, we know that the new techniques, whatever they may turn out to be in detail, cannot easily be applied by single physicians attending large numbers of cases. Well equipped hospital clinics, capable of applying the cooperation of specialists in various fields, are likely to be required.

In embarking upon health insurance we must remember that medicine is not far enough advanced to provide cures for everything at so much per head. The problem is not one merely of economic organization. Care must be taken not to standardize practices that are already useless or injurious, but to leave plenty of room for experiment and improvement in medical science itself.

Pollyanna for President

DISTRICT ATTORNEY THOMAS E. DEWEY of New York, breaking a long silence about national affairs, launched his boom for the Republican presidential nomination by a speech in Minneapolis. This speech began by pointing out some of the things that are wrong—disparity between the prices that farmers pay and the prices they receive, unemployed labor, unemployed capital. He said he was not ready to discuss detailed remedies. But he emphasized, as his basic theme, the idea that we must not give way to defeatism. America, he said, is not overbuilt, and there is still potentially plenty of employment and opportunity for all.

Of course there is; this has been the repeated slogan of almost every economic and political commentator since 1932, from left-wing amateur to cautious professional. Technocrats harped on it in promising a startlingly high standard of living for all, as a result of technical improvement. "Starvation in the midst of plenty" dramatized the paradox. Communists and New Dealers alike, different though their programs are, promised the people a higher and indefinitely rising standard of living. The Brookings Institution, analyzing production, prices and capital formation, pointed out that there was plenty of opportunity—in the abstract—to produce and consume more goods. More sober and painstaking economists have never denied that we had the resources, the man-power and capital to keep on growing, and that consumers wanted what might be made. Mr. Dewey's great affirmation is no new discovery. What really interests people is how to get on with the job.

Abolish defeatism, he says. But there is more here than meets the eye. Like the county-fair shell artist, he shifts the pea while the customer isn't looking. Nobody of consequence has ever been defeatist about the possible future for America—provided the right methods are used to achieve it. But many have been defeatist about *specific methods*. That is where Mr. Dewey got his cue. In general, the analysts to whom he objects haven't seen much hope for us under the traditional business and financial methods that prevailed prior to 1929. They haven't looked with hope on the chances of private enterprise in a capitalist order, operating under the old theories of *laissez-faire*. Mr. Dewey, with a slick turn of the hand, tries to make his audience think that this pea is under the shell of general despondency. Either that, or he is too stupid to know the difference.

We don't think that he is that stupid. Other parts of his speech give evidence that he knows what he is doing. He speaks with the greatest enthusiasm about private enterprise. It is, he says, a force that has simply been held in check. "Government hostility, repressive taxation and economic quackery have kept this force from going to work. Our firm resolve must be to give it a chance and to encourage enterprise." Thus he foreshadows the details of his program, which he says are to follow. It sounds like the good old conservative recipe for doing as little as possible through government, of relying on profit-seeking business to cure every ill. Of course he makes the usual obeisance to the necessity of preventing business abuses. But so has every other political conservative, not excepting Calvin Coolidge, Andrew Mellon and Herbert Hoover. Mr. Dewey's prescription is old stuff. It is the innocent cheeriness of Pollyanna, the patent medicine boosted by every Republican pitchman since the Kickapoo Indians.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

Editors

BRUCE BLIVEN MALCOLM COWLEY R. M. LOVETT
GEORGE SOULE STARK YOUNG

Assistant Editors OTIS FERGUSON ELIZABETH HULING

Contributing Editors

H. N. BRAILSFORD HEYWOOD BROWN JOHN T. FLYNN
WALDO FRANK E. C. LINDEMAN JON. MITCHELL
LEWIS MUMFORD REXFORD G. TUGWELL

Treasurer: DANIEL MEBANE

E. G. WOOD

BYRON DEXTER

Advertising Manager

Circulation Manager

SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION,
FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS;
FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR

EDITED AND PRODUCED UNDER UNION CONDITIONS BY CONTRACT
WITH THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE GUILD, LOCAL 18, UOPWA, CIO.

Finland: Hitler's Coup?

EVER SINCE AUGUST 30, France and England have realized that Stalin's dream was to regain for the USSR the former Tsarist provinces lost in the Revolution. After Russia had reconquered her Polish provinces, then taken over the Baltic states, the Finnish attack was to be expected.

As for Hitler's dream, it has never changed: to obtain from Russia the million soldiers indispensable for attack on the western front and also the economic help necessary for that attack. While Russia accomplished her conquests, Stalin could keep complete liberty of action. But it was futile for Hitler to count on military or even economic alliance with Russia. So, profiting by the remaining Germanic influence in Finland and from the collaboration of the Gestapo with the OGPU, which enabled Germany to send numerous agents into Russia, he has been working for months to push Moscow into a military attack on Finland.

I learn from my informants that on November 6, von Ribbentrop told Hitler it would be easy to induce Stalin to attack Finland.

On November 11 they both explained to the generals the benefit to Germany of a Russo-Finnish war and decided to send some of their high staff officers to Russia to encourage the Russian chiefs to attack.

On November 17, von Ribbentrop proposed to Moscow a German-Russian plan of action without an official military alliance. This plan would grant Finland and Sweden to Moscow, while Germany would blockade Norway and Denmark. There was also the question of a more advantageous sharing of the Balkans than that previously envisaged.

On Sunday, November 26, von Ribbentrop had a long interview with the Russian Ambassador in Berlin. I am told they agreed on Russian action against Finland with indirect German aid, and that on November 27, Moscow confirmed the agreement, according to which, while not officially concluding a military alliance, Russia was to attack Finland while Germany increased pressure on Belgium, Holland and Luxemburg.

On November 30, Russia attacked Finland.

Whatever happens, Hitler has not lost out. Despite Stalin's and Molotov's earlier success over the extremists of the Supreme Soviet, Hitler has managed through his agents to force Stalin and Molotov themselves to lead the extremist military action which has earned Russia the reprobation of the entire world.

Many people think Russia will never give aid to Germany; that she will be content to play her own game, meanwhile being ready to betray Berlin. Isn't Hitler convinced of this? Proof that he is can be found in all the desperate solutions he plots with von Ribbentrop, reported by foreign observers who have access to inner Nazi circles in Berlin.

It was reported that during a long conversation between Hitler and von Ribbentrop on November 15, they established a plan to use in case the German army is checkmated in the west next spring and no military or economic aid is forthcoming from Russia. They are said to have decided that bolshevism would be their last recourse. "So why not let Russia bolshevize the Scandinavian countries?" they argued. "Who knows but what one day, if several countries are bolshevized, we can about-face, offer England and France a peace that is still honorable for the Reich, plus what remains of our forces to fight Moscow! Isn't that the only way of saving Germany from catastrophe and dismemberment?"

German-Russian economic relations were broken off because Russia demanded that a supreme economic council be established in Moscow to promulgate a new plan for exploitation of German resources before offering any deliveries to Germany, according to my informants. The day Hitler ceases to defend himself against communism it is Stalin who will command in Berlin. But even so it is not sure that Hitler will obtain the military alliance he wants against France and England.

On about November 20, foreign observers in Berlin learned that Hitler and von Ribbentrop, at the very moment of preparing their Russian plans, also negotiated with a group of their military leaders to provide against the eventuality that Reich forces would be held in check by the democracies. Hitler and his intimate collaborators planned to hand over power to the generals, who would offer the Allies 50 percent of their war aims, that is to say a "certain" reconstitution of Poland, Austria and Czecho-Slovakia and an international peace conference in which Germany would not be dismembered and her forces retained as "sentinels against bolshevism." Shortly thereafter Hitler would return to a Germany stronger than in 1933 and quite prepared to accomplish the last step in the conquest of world hegemony.

It appears that Hitler is worried about the opinion his people have of him. Through his new Gestapo in Munich he daily feels the pulse of public opinion. He wanted to know what percentage of Germans believed in his victory and was momentarily reassured when his Bureau of Information reported that the percentage was 96. Nevertheless, he is in a desperate situation since he has become dependent on Russia, for meanwhile Allied strength is steadily increasing.

The Russian attack on Finland inaugurated a new phase of war in which neutral nations are the victims. The Scandinavian and Balkan countries have momentarily become the prey of two conflicting imperialisms. But it is not considered likely that Hitler will dare to attack Holland, Belgium and Luxemburg—which would be equivalent to attacking France and England. This, at least, is what the democracies now think.

Paris (by cable)

GENEVIEVE TABOUIS

Is a Munitions Boom Coming?

THIS DISCUSSION is being conducted on the assumption that the war will last for at least two years and that this country will preserve its neutrality. The assumption may not be well founded, but it is the only way in which the subject of Allied buying and its effect on American business can be argued from an economic rather than a political point of view.

So much has been said about the difference between our position in 1914 and our position today that we have almost lost sight of the resemblances. Yet the two periods present fundamental similarities. Then as now, Europe was at war; we were at peace; and the Allies needed supplies which we could furnish. It is true that we are not likely to sell the Allies as much as we sold them in the previous war. For one thing, there are not so many Allies. Between June 30, 1914, and June 30, 1917, we exported merchandise valued at \$1,500,000,000 to Italy and Russia alone. And these countries are with the Allies no more. Yet even after every allowance for a probable shrinkage in our exports as compared to our 1914-17 export trade, we should still sell to Europe at war a great deal more than we have been selling to Europe at peace. And after all, it is with our depression exports rather than with our World War exports that comparisons should be made. Foreign trade does not have to equal the last war in order to excel the last peace.

Yet there is a strong and widespread tendency to discount even the potential stimulus of war orders. Commentators appear more concerned over a prospective "inventory recession" than over a prospective war boom. The stock market has made no upward progress since mid-September. The wheat market seems more concerned over a current surplus than over a future demand. And business leaders have an almost universal holier-than-thou attitude toward war profits, the extent of which they appear to question and the character of which they pretend to deplore.

A good deal of skepticism about the war boom is, however, primarily skepticism about the war. I have not the slightest idea as to whether the war will be over in ten weeks or whether it will last for ten years, but the financial world has certainly not made up its mind that the war is on in earnest or that it will be on for long. Otherwise the demand for shares of Bethlehem Steel, U.S. Steel, du Pont and other military blue chips would certainly be much stronger; and wheat for delivery next May would not be quoted at a figure not much higher than the figures on wheat futures before the war began. Given some token of good faith—such as a major offensive on the western front—and I am confident that both the stock market

and the grain markets would look for the nearest ceiling and go through it right away.

As for the industrialist's attempt to dismiss war profits as "illusory" or as "flea bites," here the industrialist is usually seeking to forestall criticism of the profits which he hopes to make. The following table shows the 1914-17 profits of the U. S. Steel Corporation for the first three months *only* of the years in question:

1914	\$ 6,369,000
1915	935,000
1916	45,512,000
1917	95,744,000

The decline in the first quarter of 1915 is not so remarkable as it may appear; during the last war it took the boom nearly eighteen months to get under way. We should, perhaps, have a little more patience with present hostilities. But the 1916 and 1917 profits, although high, are in keeping with the general industrial trend. According to Treasury figures, the net income of all United States corporations increased from \$3,940,000,000 in 1914 to \$8,765,000,000 in 1916.

As I have said, I do not expect business to be so good in this war as it was in the previous one. Perhaps steel, which went from \$20 a ton in 1915 to \$70 a ton in 1917, will not show a comparable price increase in the present war. But think what a relatively small improvement is needed for the Steel Corporation to do very much better in the first quarters of 1940 and 1941 than it did during the first quarters of 1938 and 1939—in both of which periods it operated at a deficit. Even now, with no significant war business on its books, the Steel Corporation is doing very nicely indeed, and the entire steel industry is running at better than 90 per cent of capacity. The industrialist may look down his nose at war profits, but it must be difficult for him to keep the nose from twitching as he looks.

Some of the arguments against a possible expansion of our export trade seem to be based on a misconception of the nature and the extent of our exports during the past several years. It is a long time since this country has been the world's granary. Even in 1929 we imported more agricultural commodities than we exported, and during the depression the surplus of imports over exports has continued. In 1937, for instance, Great Britain imported from this country \$15,500,000 worth of preserved fruit compared to \$8,000,000 worth of wheat. Cotton has remained our major export crop, but our one-time cotton monopoly has disappeared in the face of competition from India and Brazil. Britain imported \$217,000,000 worth of cotton in 1937, but got only \$97,000,000 worth from this country. Incidentally, cotton is one commod-

ity the export of which the war should seriously diminish, as our cotton normally goes to British, French and German manufacturers. In the previous war, our cotton exports dropped from \$630,000,000 in 1913-14 to \$370,000,000 in 1914-15 and did not regain pre-war levels until after our becoming a belligerent.

The idea that "the roast beef of Old England" comes largely from Chicago is also an anachronism, as the beef that goes to the London market is now more likely to come from the Argentine. Our major meat packers (Swift and Armour) now have Argentine packing plants in which they handle a large portion of Argentina's meat exports, but not many American cattle terminate their careers in foreign parts.

The situation in copper is much the same. Major American producers, such as Kennecott and Anaconda, have a very large and very low-cost South American copper production. They ship their low-cost South American copper to Europe and sell their high-cost North American copper in the United States, a tariff on copper having facilitated this process.

Even if we do not sell nearly so large a quantity of raw materials to the warring countries as we sold in the last war, we should greatly improve upon our small exports of these materials in recent years. Furthermore, Allied buying of these materials should result in a "seller's market," which should raise the domestic price to the domestic user. Our current steel boom, for instance, is based almost entirely on sales to the American steel user, who has rushed into the market in the fear that possible foreign buying would skyrocket prices and monopolize capacity.

Meanwhile, the type of exports in which our position is still strong—semi-manufactured and fully manufactured commodities, particularly machinery and other forms of merchandise fabricated of steel—is precisely the type of export for which there should be a large wartime demand. We may have a lopsided war boom, heavily weighted in favor of the manufacturer and against the farmer, but I do not see how we can avoid a war boom of a very considerable size.

Let us see *how much* we exported, and *what* we exported in the other war.

The following figures (from "Foreign Navigation and Commerce," Department of Commerce) are for years ending June 30, a convenient date because the 1913-14 figures are practically the last year of peace and the 1916-17 figures are mostly the last year of our neutrality. The first table shows our total exports for the years in question:

1913-14	\$2,329,000,000
1914-15	2,716,000,000
1915-16	4,272,000,000
1916-17	6,227,000,000

The wartime increase is about four billions. More significant may be our exports to Britain and France:

1913-14	\$ 753,000,000
1914-15	1,280,000,000
1915-16	2,150,000,000
1916-17	3,070,000,000

Exports to these two nations increased by only two and a quarter billions. Most of the difference came in our increased trade with Italy, Russia and Canada, which reached the following totals:

1913-14	\$ 448,000,000
1914-15	521,000,000
1915-16	915,000,000
1916-17	1,575,000,000

Possible exports to these countries in the present war are, of course, problematical. There is, to be sure, a possibility that Italy will enter the war on the side of the Allies and I may be slighting the export possibilities of our Canadian trade, which in 1916-17 was about half of our trade with the three countries listed above. However, the \$3,000,000,000 export trade (1916-17) with Great Britain and France alone is greater than our total export business in any recent year except 1937.

What we exported is even more significant than the quantity of our exports, especially in view of the current tendency to minimize the importance of strictly military articles. The following table, which shows the export of explosives, may remind us that wars are fought primarily with things designed to blow people up:

1913-14	\$ 6,000,000
1914-15	41,000,000
1915-16	467,000,000
1916-17	802,000,000

Notice, again, the comparative lag in the first war year. But by 1916-17 we had an \$800,000,000 industry created almost entirely by the war. In that year, the increase in our exports of explosives came to about 20 percent of our total wartime increase in all exports to all countries and to about 30 percent of our total exports to Great Britain, France and Russia. Here again we have lost a good customer in Russia, which bought \$90,000,000 worth of explosives in 1915-16 and over \$300,000,000 worth in 1916-17. In this latter year, our exports of explosives (and the category does *not* include firearms, armor-plate or other metallic products) were more than twice as great as our exports of wheat or machinery or leather or copper or meat or brass or petroleum. Admitting that Great Britain and France are now better equipped to manufacture munitions and powder than they were in 1914, I doubt that any country can turn out gunpowder as rapidly as soldiers can explode it. (I assume, however, eventual large-scale and last-ditch fighting in the West.)

Our largest category of wartime exports came in "iron and steel and their products"—a classification which included very little iron but all manner of steel

products from nails to locomotives (though neither planes nor automobiles). The iron-and-steel export business grew as follows:

1913-14	\$ 251,000,000
1914-15	225,000,000
1915-16	624,000,000
1916-17	1,113,000,000

We did not send much steel to Russia, so the loss of the Russian business will not do our steel makers much harm. The British steel output has increased from 9,000,000 tons in 1934 to 13,000,000 tons in 1937, but Britain and France do not produce more than 20,000,000 tons a year. We still have rather more steel capacity than the rest of the world combined, and the second and third largest producers are Germany and Russia, which can produce nearly twice as much steel as Britain and France. I should say that the British and the French will have to call upon our 70,000,000-ton steel capacity before many more months have passed.

As to stories of enormous Allied (particularly British) stocks of materials hoarded for the war, these stories are grossly exaggerated. A recent survey in *The London Economist* shows that wool is the only material of which the British have more than a two months' supply (and with us wool is an import, not an export item). Their stocks of perishable commodities are negligible, and there is no possibility of their being able to conduct a war of any duration without importing most of their supplies.

If the Allies want American goods, they can in all probability get them. The British merchant marine alone includes about 9,000 ships, and though around 100 have already been sunk, new shipping is under construction. As I write, there is much excitement about the damage done by German mines, but this is primarily a military question.

As for money, British citizens have investments, outside the British empire, of some \$5,500,000,000 (figuring the pound at \$4). The British have about \$1,000,000,000 in gold in the Bank of England and some \$1,700,000,000 in the Equalization Fund. France has gold reserves of nearly \$3,000,000,000. All British foreign investments have been registered with the government and cannot be disposed of without His Majesty's permission. Registration is regarded as a step toward "nationalization" of resources.

As our laws now stand, neither Britain nor France can float loans in this country, because they are in default on their 1914-18 war debts. But most of the Allied war borrowing came after we had entered the war, a relatively modest \$1,500,000,000 being the extent of their loans from private American citizens in the first three years of the war. The British alone spent about \$4,500,000,000 in this country during the period of our neutrality; they are now wiser buyers, they have other

sources of supply and their resources are less extensive. But they will presumably use their considerable gold resources for foreign buying and rely on domestic credit to finance purchases at home.

My position is that our foreign trade, while not approaching our foreign trade in 1914-17, should be very much greater than it has been over the past several years. Previous depression increases in production have been only temporary because we lacked the mass purchasing power to absorb the increased industrial output. Even a billion dollars' worth of war orders would have somewhat the same effect as employing a million jobless at \$1,000 a year. Meanwhile the employment created by war business would also make a substantial increase in our domestic ability to buy.

To be sure, no war boom can long outlive the war that creates it. We may go price crazy, production crazy and investment crazy, in which event our last state will be much worse than our first. A war boom is in no sense a solution to our problems, particularly since most of the war profits will go to the comparatively few large stockholders of a few thousand large corporations. From a long-term standpoint, a war can bring nothing but a gaudy interlude in our depression. It is true that the colors may be extremely bright. But they cannot, unfortunately, be guaranteed not to run.

E. D. KENNEDY

Not in the Cables

Germany Starts to Grumble

FOR THE FIRST TIME in German history, war has hit the well-to-do as a class. The food supply is poor in quality and quantity. It is worse in Munich than in Berlin, where the centralization of the Reich bureaucracy and the strong tendency of the Berliners to growl—which even the Nazis must consider—have produced a decidedly better situation. Genuine coffee and tea are unobtainable in Munich and Vienna; Aryan substitutes such as barley for coffee and blackberry leaves and other healthy herbs for tea are used. Soap, precious to the Germans, is hard to get and has become a harsh, gritty, greasy substance. Police supervision of attempts at hoarding by the civilian population is far stricter than during the last war, when well-to-do people could always do some "black trading" and "badgering." The police combine their food-snooping activities with the searching of houses and apartments for suspicious guests of the owners and inhabitants, thus carrying out a complete reign of terror. In one of the South German capitals the local SS has been replaced by the Berlin SS, which is expected to be more impersonal and efficient than the local Black Shirts, who in turn might prove more thoroughgoing in other regions. This is in keeping with the Nazi plan of mobilizing for what they call *Kriegsschauplatz Innerdeutschland*—the theatre of war at home.

The war sentiment outside Nazi circles is thoroughly unenthusiastic. Soldiers who have returned from the Polish war declare themselves deeply depressed by the unspeakable horrors of the warfare that the Nazis imposed there. Bavarian Catholicism might have something to do with this lack of elation over the defeat of an enemy who shared the religion of many Germans.

While the losses from enemy fire are small along the western front, the losses through disease are great. The dampness of the Westwall casemates is said to induce numerous respiratory and kidney troubles, and a stay in these bunkers—even a short one—is dreaded by everyone, but nearly everyone's term to do duty there has come or is shortly coming.

Leaflets and broadsides scattered by Allied airplanes over Germany are circulating in great numbers and have been seen even in small, remote towns. Like the broadcasts from French and English radio stations, to which a great number of people still listen, they are not considered very effective, partly because the assur-

ance that the war is really against Hitler and his gangster party reminds too many people of the last war, when William II was declared the one and only enemy, partly because the concentration by Nazi propaganda of the hatred in Germany against the British is extremely effective. Great masses of people have really been convinced by this propaganda that England, the only true enemy, will be brought to her knees at an early date. The Russo-German agreement is rather resented in the Catholic south, but other parts of the Reich rejoice in this alliance. Italy's failure to ally with Germany is generally called "Betrayal No. 2."

The reading of obituary notices in the newspapers furnishes a significant and grim index of an important sector of public sentiment. Papers read by the not entirely Nazified bourgeoisie and nobility show only rarely that the deceased "died for our Führer"—the overwhelming majority say that he died "for the German Fatherland," often adding, "like his father before him."

GERMANICUS

American Youth Says Keep Out

RECENTLY, thanks to an assignment from McCall's Magazine, I traveled some 7,000 miles through the United States talking to young people (of draft age) about war. The idea was to let boys and girls in several towns spill their souls on all phases of the war in a series of eight-hour conferences; then from stenotypists' transcripts of the proceedings, the editors of McCall's were to cull highlights and half-tones for four half-hour radio broadcasts.

With the writing and staging of the broadcasts I had very little to do—my job, a consultative one, was practically over as soon as the kids had made their last argumentative sallies. So I had plenty of opportunity to sit back and ponder on the meaning of what 120 boys and girls—30 in Cincinnati, 30 in St. Louis, 30 in Portland, Oregon, and 30 in Dallas, Texas, all selected more or less at random—had to say on the subject of the United States and the war. I had just come from the East, where the war spirit was relatively high; I was, therefore, braced against the possibility that the country as a whole was getting emotionally ready for the next crusade to Save the World for Democracy at the expense of democracy at home. But I came back to the East firmly convinced that the United States is not going to enter this particular European conflict. Comparatively few young people have read C. Hartley Grattan or Walter Millis on the 1917 road to war. But they have followed the disclosures of the Senate Munitions Committee—and, boy, how the seeds of skepticism sowed by that committee have taken root! If Great Britain, in September

of 1938, had stood by Czecho-Slovakia, then all might have been different. Neville Chamberlain's refusal to back up French commitments to the "last democracy in central Europe," however, was the straw on the camel's back. After Munich, Russia's desertion of the "democratic front" was not unexpected—for example, a majority of the kids in Cincinnati refused to believe Stalin had double-crossed the Allies. But this same majority did believe Stalin had double-crossed his own Communist Party followers in the Western countries.

In every city I visited there was a firm resolution not to be moved by the expected *Blitzkrieg*. People "sort of expected" the sinking of the "Athenia"—and worse! What if a thousand German planes were to lay London in ruins? In Cincinnati a boy said: "I'd wait and see what the Allies did to Berlin." Yeah, said a burly CIO steel organizer, if Winston Churchill thought it would bring the United States in, he'd bomb London and Paris himself. England, said a salty, thin-faced boy who makes his living writing speeches for an insurance-company executive, is a smart poker-player: beware of the aces up her sleeve! The same lean philosopher added: "The Monroe Doctrine is the greatest sacred cow we have."

In Dallas, Texas, an attempt was made to frighten the boys and girls with the prospect of *Blitzkrieg* against Holland. What if Hitler were to railroad a Dutchman (another Van der Lubbe) for the Munich beer-hall bomb explosion and then unleash his fury against Rotterdam and Amsterdam? What if the Japanese were to descend simultaneously on the Dutch

East Indies and their rich supplies of crude rubber, tin—and oil? Would the Dallas youth be shaken to the point of fighting? “We’d be shaken,” said a girl from a West Texas ranch. “But not enough to fight.”

Everywhere the isolationist strain ran deep. Were the Texans afraid of German or Stalinist machinations in Mexico? No, for the Mexican deserts offered a formidable barrier—and as for Brownsville, one Dallas youth was ready to give it away. A fresh-faced kid from Cass County expressed the easy-going Texas attitude when he said: “Down home on the farm we used to be troubled by persimmon sprouts. We’d dig ’em out—but when they got too bad we’d just move off the land.” In Portland, Oregon, Dick Neuberger, who writes for the local *Oregonian* as well as for Eastern magazines, told of a backwoodsman he met in the Snake River Canyon. “Hell,” said the backwoodsman, “I wouldn’t fight to defend Salt Lake City.” The will-to-stay-out-of-this war (as distinct from pacifism, of which I found only a chemical trace) was at its most palpable in St. Louis, where not one of the thirty boys and girls expressed a willingness to fight in Europe. Incidentally, there was a scattering of Trotskyists and Norman Thomas Socialists in the St. Louis group: their attitude toward United States participation in the European war was very similar to the Stalinist attitude (as expressed by a vocal minority of one in Dallas) and the Nye-Borah isolationist attitude (as expressed everywhere). The only *body* of true-blue collective security-ites that I encountered was from Portland’s Reed College, where Professor Bernard Noble holds aloft the Wilsonian banner. Maybe if the *McCall*’s editors had tapped more college students the isolationist character of the conferences would have been less marked. But the groups as a whole seemed pretty representative. At least they paralleled the Gallup poll: some 95 percent wanted to see the Allies win, a majority was glad to see the arms embargo repealed and cash-and-carry instituted, while only a smattering was willing to vote for active American intervention either now or later.

A Goebbels, listening to Dallas’ disrelish for Brownsville or Dick Neuberger’s retailing of the Snake Canyon backwoodsman’s unconcern for Salt Lake City, might have leaped to the conclusion that Americans are cowards. Actually, the emotional isolationism that gave rise to the humorous deprecation of Brownsville and Salt Lake City seemed anything but cowardice as I listened to it. The boys and girls were brave enough and frank enough to face their troubles at home. “It’s ridiculous to be considering a shambles three thousand miles away when twelve or thirteen million in this country are facing a winter of possible starvation,” said the Cincinnati steel organizer. In St. Louis the boys and girls wanted Roosevelt to get on with his domestic job; one girl, a schoolteacher from downstate Illinois, suspected F.D.R. of trying to imitate

“Woodrow Wilson, the glamor boy.” “I voted for Roosevelt in ’36,” she said, “but you’ve got to remember he’s a showman.” In Dallas, a persistent young woman from Mississippi drawled: “Every time a man is dropped from relief it adds to the war spirit. Any job is better than none, even if it is a job in the army or a munitions factory. We need to keep Roosevelt from liquidating the WPA.” In Portland an American Indian from a reservation complained that the federal government had broken practically every treaty ever signed with the Red men: “All that they’ve left us is the right to our ceremonial dances.” Yet this Indian was willing to fight an enemy at home—“After all,” he said, “we’ve been fighting here since 1492.” Dick Neuberger drove me out to see Bonneville Dam the morning after the Portland conference. “What has the war in Europe got to do with us,” he asked, “when Oregon and Washington stump ranchers are still waiting for cheap electric current from Bonneville and Grand Coulee?” Said another boy in Portland: “If we don’t deal intelligently with our own internal problems we’ll go Fascist no matter what happens to the rest of the world.”

If I have the right to generalize from talking with 120 boys and girls in four widely separated regions and cities beyond the Alleghenies, I should say that we have a younger generation which needs none of Mr. Stuart Chase’s semantic discipline. The boys and girls tend to distrust all slogans, all tags—even all words. They will not easily fall for any crusader unless his promises can be translated into jobs, security, prospects for the future, a chance to study and learn—and an extension of traditional American civil liberties. They will believe in the “Fascist menace” if and when they see it striking at their freedom to argue and dissent among themselves. Maybe their distrust of fine phrases, of analyses that contrast the “Christian civilization” of England and France with “Fascist barbarism” and “Asiatic despotism,” means they have lost the habit of judgment. If so, I cannot say; for as I listened to the majority in Cincinnati, in St. Louis, in Dallas and in Portland, Oregon, I seemed to be listening to myself.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Praise

A praise to the resilient: to bones in barred wings
That hold hawks motionless in rushing air;
The salt-encrusted sail that survives without tear;
Up-springing weed marking the unwary with stings;
Whip-handle and hoe; needles; plucked guitar strings;

Cunning with compromise: the devious turning and twist-
ing when Armenian meets voluble Greek;
Disingenuous tongue in the turned other cheek;
The boxer’s feint with flickering left fist;
And, though fretted and frayed, the nerves, the will to resist.

THEODORE ROETHKE

How France Is Taking the War

WE HAVE READ volumes of speculation about internal conditions in Germany, and news from Britain fills the pages every day. But, since my return from France, I find that people have little information about how things are going there. They know that Parliament has granted Daladier dictatorial powers and they have heard strange rumors, but that is about all. I shall try to answer a few of the common questions.

Will France Make a Separate Peace?—This is obviously the objective of Hitler's strategy. He aims to drive a wedge between his two enemies and, after inducing France to withdraw, to bring Britain to her knees. To this end, his press has spared France the insults heaped on Britain, his air force has refrained from bombing French centers and his army has not launched an attack on the Maginot Line. But it can be confidently stated that this strategy has met with no success, and signs have recently appeared suggesting that Hitler realizes it.

The French government is obviously determined to stand with Britain and continue the war. Premier Daladier remains in thorough harmony with the British government (the unkind would say, the harmony of a puppet). The former champion in the Cabinet of rapprochement with Germany, M. Bonnet, has been removed from the vital position of Foreign Minister. In his new post as Minister of Justice, he is exercising his vindictive talents on the suppression of the Communists, lately his bitterest enemies, and now, paradoxically, the exponents of his former policy. Anatole de Monzie, bracketed with Bonnet as "pacifist" in the stormy Cabinet wrangles of the end of August, has climbed on the war bandwagon. Another appeasement figure, M. Flandin, if he aspires to play the role Cailiaux did in the last war, certainly says nothing about it in public. M. Blum, leader of the Opposition, vigorously supports prosecution of the war. On the other hand, the obvious reluctance of politicians to take responsibility for declaring war last September should not be forgotten.

Is French Morale Crumbling?—Hitler perhaps has been counting more on mass disaffection than on any weakening of government leaders. Foreign observers in France today frequently remark that Hitler, if he is wise, will refrain from launching an offensive and wait for discontent to rise to formidable proportions within France. Is French morale as bad as this suggests? Public opinion is especially hard to gauge in wartime, when channels of expression are blocked. However, during my recent visit to France, I tried to

appraise public sentiment. I talked with more than a score of French "men in the street," of all classes, and I weighed the opinions of reliable French and foreign observers. I concluded that Frenchmen are virtually unanimous in the feeling that "we must finish with Hitler." Most individuals added vigorously, "and by every means." I found little evidence of French suspicion of Britain's earnest collaboration in prosecuting the war—one of the main themes of Nazi propaganda. France, in short, lines up behind the war.

Having said that, however, I must enter some exceptions. There is firmness, yes, but no enthusiasm. The war simply can't be popular with a shopkeeping nation like the French. In almost every street, I saw dozens of little shops with signs, "closed because of the mobilization." The early closing hours of the blackout have severely hurt that cornerstone of French business, the café. The war has brought a virtual shutdown in such vital parts of the national economy as the luxury trades and hotel-keeping. Nor, I gather, are the Frenchwomen who have had to do the work on the farms nearly as stoical as the press says. Meanwhile, the soldiers' pay is no less than insulting—50 centimes, or about one cent a day. I have heard of soldiers peddling their army cigarettes to civilians to get a few francs for spending money. The allowance for soldiers' wives—eight francs a day and four francs for each child—is quite inadequate.

Real war with all the sacrifices of blood and treasure and the attendant fighting spirit, it is felt, would quickly dwarf these discontents. But while the war continues in its present inactive phase, the government undoubtedly realizes that accumulation of these discontents over a quiet winter would aid Hitler's strategy. Accordingly, the government has started to cope with the situation by various measures, such as an increase of pay for troops in the front line and demobilization of older men. Most observers think that palliatives like these, plus a real war in the spring, will prevent a crumbling of morale.

What Has Happened to the Communist Party?—This party, although officially suppressed, is by no means dead. It has been working in secret—circulating an illegal edition of *Humanité*, distributing anti-war leaflets and carrying on a defeatist campaign by word of mouth. The Communist cadres have been decimated but not destroyed. Leaders have been arrested, but many underlings carry on, under Moscow's instructions. There is little doubt that the party leaders had long before the war made preparations for underground activity in case of official suppression. There are a surprising number of members and followers

who have reconciled themselves to the Russo-German pact and the new line. Many are simply zealots of this particular kind of secular religion. But those more inclined to reason matters find comfort in newspaper interpretations suggesting that Stalin is really sabotaging the German pact and working for Hitler's downfall. In talking with individuals of this remaining fringe of the party, I found that they were trying to spread the impression that the French people believe England forced them into war and now is throwing the whole burden on France. Finally, although Léon Jouhaux has been busy purging the Stalinist elements in the trade-union movement, a number of unions and regional federations still remain in Communist hands. I could find no confirmation of the Communist report that real strikes had occurred in the metal industries in protest against the suppression of the party. The only basis for this report seems to have been an unimportant fracas between Stalinists and anti-Stalinists in the Renault plant.

But this survival of the Communists may be short-lived. For the party had suffered a sharp decline even before the outbreak of war. Last year's disastrous general strike reduced membership and following, according to reliable estimates, about 30 percent. The Russo-German pact eliminated many members and followers—and they have been very numerous in recent years—who joined or followed the party through hatred of Hitler or for patriotic reasons. In the trade unions, the Communists have suffered severely. For the war has practically destroyed some branches of industrial activity, such as building, and the building unions were Communist-controlled. While Communist influence still remains strong in the metal trades, workers in this industry have been enjoying such high wages that they are not responsive to any purely political agitation which might well impair their privileged position. Finally, the government's thorough suppression of party-controlled organizations deprives the party of one of its strongest supports, a party-controlled bureaucracy and many job-holders.

All Very Well—But Isn't the Working Class Suffering and Won't It Turn to Some Body Like the Communists to Redress Its Grievances?—Here lies the only chance for the Communist remnant to make a come-back. For the working class has indeed lost almost all the privileges won by the great mass movement of 1936. Vacations with pay, the forty-hour week, even to some extent collective contracts, have gone. Cost of living has vaulted, taxes have increased and wages have lagged. It will take some months, it is believed, for these discontents to crystallize into a movement against the government and for the secret Communist cadres to get in their work. "Watch out for something by spring," is the warning often heard.

Much, however, may happen to forestall this. The

government, as described above, is relaxing various restrictions, paying a little more here, giving a little more freedom there. There is a persistent rumor afloat in Paris that Daladier takes a benevolent interest in a new movement promoted both by trade-unionists of the anti-Stalinist Left—the element centering around René Belin and the paper "Syndicats"—and the enlightened employer group backing the review *Nouveaux Cahiers*. This movement stems from the Pontigny conference of 1938, which endeavored to bring about a new non-political understanding between employers and workers along the lines of the Swedish trade-union movement. It now aims to persuade employers to deal reasonably with unions, thereby cutting the ground from under the "political" activities of the Communist remnant. A start was made along these lines by the accord signed October 7 by employers' and workers' representatives affirming desire for collaboration devoid of "egoistic interests" and "the class war."

What Are French War Aims?—As stated in public, they are just as vague as the British. But behind the official façade, a lot is going on which points to more definite plans. The stories about talks among the French government, Otto Hapsburg and Starhemberg for the installation of a new Central European Federation under Hapsburg control have considerable foundation. The delegation of British M.P.'s on their recent visit to Paris found French Deputies demanding the left bank of the Rhine. It might as well be realized that the French people are very responsive to propaganda calling for the dismemberment of Germany. But France today almost slavishly follows the lead of Britain and the definitive decision on war aims and the conclusion of any secret treaties must in the last analysis depend on London.

Is Daladier Really "the Strong Man of France"?—Daladier is fundamentally "the man of the General Staff." As Minister of War in many Cabinets he became the political mouthpiece of this body. The downfall of Blum and the decline of the Popular Front elevated him to the premiership and his suppression of the general strike last year—an easy victory—made him *facile princeps*. But in the months leading up to the outbreak of the war, and especially since its outbreak, he has become more and more the political instrument of the group of generals—Gamelin, Georges, Colson, Billotte, etc.—who run the military machine. If the General Staff, then, is strong, Daladier is strong. And no one really knows how strong the staff is. There are rumors of dissension within its ranks. The advocates of an aggressive policy against Germany now criticize Gamelin—in private—for timidity and weakness in the conduct of the war. Some call for and predict his replacement by Georges. Others claim that Gamelin has entrenched himself impregably as head

of the Defense Council and will remain above criticism, which must fall heavily on subordinates like Georges who are immediately responsible for operations.

In short, Daladier looms as no Clemenceau, and the identity of the real wearer of Foch's mantle remains in dispute.

FRANK C. HANIGHEN

In the Margin

LET'S GET THIS STRAIGHT, BEFORE WE START: All dentists have bad teeth, all barbers need haircuts, and all wars are fought in the name of peace.

NEW THINGS REPEATING THEMSELVES: Times of crisis are times when a new act of dissociation is necessary. Then, it was dissociation of church and state. Now, it is dissociation of business and production.

SOCIAL ARITHMETIC:

If they give us five,
We shall but ask for ten.
If they give us two,
We shall but ask for four.
But should they give us nothing, then
We'll ask for all the world, and more.

PROGRESS OF THE EYE: From nature, to landscape, to real estate.

PROVERB NO. 1: *Corruptio optimi pessima*—The corruption of the best is the worst. Show me a gentle person, and I'll show you the one who, when balked or warped, will do the most thorough job of brutality. Show me a man trained in clarity, and I'll show you the one who, when once he has decided to sell out, is admirably equipped to spread confusion.

PROGRESS OF DIPLOMACY: Peace to { pacification
appeasement.

You "pacify" a weak country, and "appease" a strong one.

IS IT TRUE THAT CHAMBERLAIN SLIPPED AND FELL WHEN MEETING HITLER AT MUNICH? We'd like to know, because of what Freud says about such symbolic falls (Freud, on that score, also finds justice in the superstition of the Romans, who would not carry out a plan of battle if they stumbled before beginning). And we watch the saga of the umbrella with engrossment. "In private conversation with friends recently, Chamberlain jokingly indicated his present frame of mind by telling the story of an old lady with an umbrella who, pursued by a lion, suddenly turned, opened her umbrella and frightened the lion, which turned tail. Chamberlain concluded his story smilingly: 'And

I am taking my umbrella to Rome.'"

But it turns out that this was not the conclusion of the "old lady's" story at all. The conclusion came, some days later, with the news that Chamberlain, on his visit to Mussolini, left without his umbrella. He had forgotten his one weapon, frail as it was for frightening lions.

USE ONCE AND THROW AWAY: Some people rush from book to book like jitterbugs rushing from nightclub to nightclub. The resulting attempt to meet this demand is better for the book trade than for literature. I grant that production and distribution of books, like production and distribution of motor cars or magazines, can't be maintained without relying heavily upon "obsolescence." Still, couldn't this divine dispensation of finance be got in a less drastic way? Why not, instead of reliance upon obsolescence in the book's contents, get the same result by an improved manufacturing process? Why not have books so constructed that you couldn't read page two without tearing out page one?

PREEN AND PRONE: Preen may say to himself, "Prone is flattering me," and be right. But he'll accept the flattery as truth none the less. Why? Because: To flatter a man is itself a flattery. Call a prominent fool a genius—and you pay honest tribute to his prominence.

DOING TWO THINGS AT ONCE: A wild animal stalking prey is not acting symbolically. But riders in a fox hunt are acting symbolically. They are taking on social insignia, in such ways as Veblen makes clear in his "Theory of the Leisure Class." Similarly, in warfare, a symbolic ingredient enters, in proportion to the indirectness that goes with the development of invention. As for bombs and gas capsules released from airplanes, what kind of weapon might that be? Do we here get cows that fly, and that conquer by their sheer droppings? What else would explain the particular kind of exaltation behind the Italian Futurists' cult of war, and the quality of "heroism" in young Mussolini, expressing himself in his plane over Ethiopia?

FOOLING THE SQUIRREL: Once I fooled a squirrel. I deceived him completely. It was in the city of Columbus, Ohio. I was a student at the university, where there are squirrels on the campus. I passed a squirrel clinging upside down on a tree trunk, and held out my hand to him, as though I were offering him food. He came closer, but skeptically. I realized that I had to make the deception more realistic. So I grasped the tip of my middle finger between my forefinger and thumb, and held this tip out to him. Thus, it looked as if I really were offering some morsel to the stupid squirrel. My ruse worked perfectly. The imbecile promptly came forward—and in the belief that the tip of my finger was something for him to eat, he snatched at it, and bit clean to the bone.

KENNETH BURKE

Washington Notes

Bessarabian Mud

THERE HAVE BEEN MOMENTS in the administration's support of Finland when the odor of domestic politics seemed faintly detectable. At least some of the New Dealers behaved as if they were silently saying to Mr. Martin Dies: "Yah, so you thought we were Reds!" But neither this desire to confuse Mr. Dies and Mr. Hoover, Mr. Vandenberg and the Republican Committee, nor the New Deal's wholly honest indignation at Finland's sufferings, is likely to lead to Ambassador Steinhardt's recall from Moscow, or any other drastic move.

As is usual in European affairs, we seem to be marching in lock-step behind England, and our State Department has not been informed which way England means to go. By this, it is not intended to revive the often exploded story of Downing Street's sinister influence in Washington. Ambassador Kennedy may have respect and liking for the present English Tory Cabinet, but most New Dealers haven't. Ever since the Munich pact, "neville-chamberlain" has been the phrase they have used to frighten their children with.

But what can the New Deal do except align its policies with England's? All Mr. Roosevelt's professed international aims, peace, democracy, higher standards of living, will be lost without an Allied victory. Everything our State Department says or does, is said or done with an eye to the Allies' necessities. From this point of view, the question of Russia is anything but simple.

Despite the sympathy evoked by Finland, the interest of experts here is riveted on Rumania. Does the USSR mean to seize Bessarabia, and, if so, under what circumstances? The odd aspect of this inquiry is that it is accompanied by fresh reports that the Allies themselves intend to establish a front in the Danube Valley. In short, if the Russians do not march into Rumania, and perhaps if they do, the Allies mean to send their own fighting men there.

According to seemingly authentic information, the recent agreement between the Allies and Turkey—now so bitterly attacked in Moscow—provided for the passage not merely of Allied warships, but a great Allied expeditionary force, through the Bosphorus to Rumanian ports. You will remember that, in the 1915-18 war, it was from the south-east that Mr. Churchill wanted to attack the Kaiser's Germany. There is now no Asquith, no Sir Henry Wilson, to block him.

The Allied-Turkish agreement, at least at the moment of its signing, was to come into effect only if Hitler actually marched into the Balkans, and only if Russia consented to remain benevolently neutral. Its immediate purpose was to halt the German *Blitzkrieg* at the Polish-Rumanian frontier. However, it is now understood here that, within the immediate future, Hitler will present stiff demands to Rumania, Bulgaria and perhaps Yugoslavia for raw materials and transportation facilities, and back them up with fresh threats of military action.

What is Russia going to do? Until the Allies and Mr. Roosevelt know, they will not bring about any irreparable breach with Moscow. On paper, an Allied campaign in the Danube Valley is perhaps the most plausible way in which the German armies can be engaged and defeated, despite the enormous diplomatic and military-transport problems that would have to be solved. Apparently the Allies would have no objection to letting the Russians re-occupy Bessarabia. It is understood that, on urgent Allied advice, Rumania herself would consent. But, having occupied Bessarabia, would Russia stand benevolently by while the Allies penetrated the Black Sea?

The geographic facts of the case are extremely awkward. Odessa is only about twenty-five miles from the Bessarabian frontier, only about seventy-five miles from the Danubian delta. A considerable Allied force in Rumania would be a potential threat to one of Russia's chief cities. The USSR's alternative, however, might conceivably be a Nazi garrison at Bucharest. The Allies are confronted with equally thorny decisions. To permit Germany to gain control of the Balkans may be to lose their best chance of victory. But to send an expedition into the Black Sea may be to push Russia and Germany much closer together. All that seems certain is that it will be several weeks before the Bessarabian mud freezes solid enough to allow the advance of motorized troops.

Recently it was reported in these Notes that the USSR had increased its legation staff at Sofia to one hundred and twenty-five—one of the largest missions in diplomatic history—and was rapidly acquiring influence among Bulgarian officials and intellectuals. According to information here, this diplomatic drive has since fizzled out, partly because of the Russian invasion of Finland, still more because of a counter-offensive of French and Italian diplomacy. The recent speech of Premier Teleki of Hungary, in which he disavowed all threats to Rumania, is said to have had an electric effect throughout the Balkan capitals, where it was taken as meaning, first, that Mr. Teleki had swung away from Germany toward Italy, and, second, that he had done so because Italy no longer stood alone, but had Allied support. The obscure, gigantic chess game in the Balkans, it is believed here, is approaching its end.

Qualified good news can be reported about the Smith committee, whose investigation of the National Labor Relations Board is now beginning. It is about three months behind its original schedule, due partly to Representative Smith's illness, and a check-up of its proposed hearings across the country indicates that it will not finish until next March. On the presumption that its report will not be written for several weeks after that, friends of the NLRB believe they can prevent its consideration until Congress adjourns late in May. A potentially more serious matter is the reported intention of the administration itself to bring about a revamping of the Board's personnel during the month of January.

The effectiveness of the conferences now being held between the National Power Policy Committee and utility executives will depend, in part, on the administration's readiness to fight at the next session of Congress for authority

and funds to carry out its proposed plan for linking Eastern industrial centers in a huge grid system. The utility industry has already made it clear that it will resort to its familiar tactics of obstruction. The administration's immediate objective is to negotiate its long delayed St. Lawrence power treaty with Canada. That, in itself, would be victory of no mean sort.

Washington

T. R. B.

Other People's Money

One Law for the Rich

MR. STEPHEN PAINE, of the stock-brokerage firm of Paine, Weber and Company, was sentenced to a year and a day in federal penitentiary by Judge Knox in a federal court in New York City last week. Mr. Paine's offense was his collaboration with several other gentlemen in the robbing of the investors in three investment trusts—Burco, Inc., Insuranshares Corporation of Delaware and Bond and Share Trading Corporation. The losses to the investors were \$1,500,000, though the promoters did not gain that much.

Mr. Paine has been sent to jail for acts of which a very large number of other gentlemen in Wall Street were guilty, although they escaped prosecution through the flabbiness of the law and the tolerance of officials. This is a mere echo of that investment-trust orgy which disgraced American business in the late twenties and early thirties and has not yet by any means been purged out of our system.

The sentencing of Mr. Paine had one interesting feature—the more or less apologetic attitude of the judge. He intimated that he would like to give him less than a year in jail but that this would mean incarceration in a local workhouse where the accommodations and social life were of a very inferior order. So he made the sentence a year and a day, which would ensure service of the sentence in a federal penitentiary where Mr. Paine would meet a very much better class of people. Indeed, there seemed to be a real pull at the judicial heart-strings about a jail sentence at all.

Until society comes to understand that it is as culpable to steal several hundred thousand dollars by chicanery and cunning as by force, and that lily-fingered, white-collared gentlemen and even socialites should be punished with at least the same severity as the wretched victims of poverty and ignorance, there will be a continued tolerance for the kind of crimes which have blackened the name of Wall Street for many years. For his part in a steal involving about \$200,000 Mr. Paine got a year. For his part in a steal involving \$1,217 Fritz Kuhn got from two and one-half to five years. It would be interesting to get some data on the sentences last week of those who stole only a few hundred dollars.

When Mr. Albert Fall was asked by a Senate Committee at first why he had leased the Elk Hills and Teapot Dome oil reserves to private individuals he replied that he had done it in the interest of national defense. That was right

after the last war and national defense was still a good phrase to play with. Now I am edified to discover that the Federal Communications Commission is as keen as the next one about our national defense. It is planning a merger of the Western Union and the Postal Telegraph into a large private monopoly in the interest of "national defense." And yet the reason is a little singular in view of the history of this proposal.

Back in 1933, I think, in the early days of the New Deal, when the strange nondescript army of reformers and politicians and go-getters and ex-Wall Street lawyers and brokers and busted bankers and practical industrial patriots flocked to the scene of battle behind the seven-colored banner of the leader, there appeared in the newspapers one of those innocent little items which caught my eye. It was that the New Deal, through one of its organisms, in its mighty surge of energy for the fate of the nation, was going to "force" a merger of the two wire companies. Since certain gentlemen had been scheming toward this end for some time, the word "force" seemed a little strong—it was like going into a barroom and "forcing" the barkeeper for a consideration to give you a drink.

At intervals, since then, this merger has been bobbing to the surface. But what has been happening to the stock of the Postal? Who has gotten hold of it and for how much and who is going to be bailed out by the merger? All this comes not to the surface. Apparently the plan has been awaiting a favorable opportunity. And now it is here—national defense.

We must now be prepared to see many things done in the name of national defense. A single telegraph company might be a good thing. But what sort of telegraph company? Are we going to hand this monopoly out to a bunch of promoters? What's the matter with turning this over to the Post Office Department? Who is back of it? Who is going to profit by it and how much? This might be a good subject for some curious Senator to have a peep at before the government gets away with this sort of thing in the interest of some of its great and good friends without so much as a question being asked.

There is at least one thing that is certain—national defense has nothing to do with it. That reason is a sham given out to fool the people. And there is another thing sure about it: it is being planned by a commission that is itself in need of investigation and would have been investigated a long time ago had not the President himself intervened to prevent it. Certainly a scheme like this, masquerading under a fake excuse, ought not to be permitted to slide through without some very serious examination.

The Manufacturers' Association thinks that our way to recovery is through the restoration of the system of "free enterprise." What does it mean by free enterprise? Does it think a system such as is revealed in Detroit in the government's indictment of the tile trade constitutes free enterprise—a system in which every part of the industry, from manufacturer through dealer, contractor and laborer, is engaged in a combination to fetter the industry, to strangle it with rules, restrictions, price-fixing? This is the general state of the whole building industry. Here is enterprise suffering from a mass attack on its freedom not by the government but by business.

JOHN T. FLYNN

Films: Another Language

WE ARE NOT ALONE" is written, played and directed with exceptional movie talent, photographed and cut beautifully. But it is from a James Hilton book, and while Mr. Hilton is an expert craftsman in his field, with a genius for the lovable and odd—faith, hope, charity and quiet courage in everyday life—there is always the feeling of something insubstantial and vague at the center, like a jelly doughnut in a tweed jacket. This time the story is about an odd and lovable English doctor, and a son who takes after him, a frustrated, demoniac wife, and a girl dancer stranded in the provinces. The girl comes into the house as governess, and everything is wholesome for a few moments, until the wife's helpless viciousness makes even more trouble, and the war breaks out (the girl is an Austrian immigrant), and several accidents lead to a final tragedy.

The story is too long for these few characters and events, but I think eventually there is something else wrong. Mr. Hilton deliberately makes his audiences see the good and true spirit beneath the kind of surface appearance they themselves would brush past or hoot at in ordinary life; but he succeeds too well in goodness. Even if a character were to pick his nose, Mr. Hilton would write a chapter showing how endearing that really was, and all knobby eccentricities would be cleared away, and in the end the characters would all bounce true and clean, like so many tennis balls—and just keep bouncing.

In the picture, something of this shows through, and the lack of enough things other than the simple and sweet leaves nothing for the final sequences but the anticlimax of talk. Otherwise it has had more strictly intelligent care lavished on it than I can remember in any film of its type. Sequence is matched against sequence so well that there is no conception of separate incidents by themselves, or any special-effect department either—falling calendar leaves, autos, trains, people hurrying, faces mugging, angles, inserts, overlap dissolves and other hoopla. Inside that main house there is no sense of stage confinement, or tricks of photography: the cameras are mobile in the right way, having been set up in the first place to cover the main action and new entrance, the motion in the room and exit from it. And the one deliberate effect, of the mother at the door with that terrible face in the doubtful candle-light, is as monstrous and revealing as was intended.

Any story is well served by such deft messengers; but this story has much that is true and compact in its own right. (Warners had several reasons for laying out money on another "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," but for several reasons this will be no such lucky bit of maudlin panorama.) Its incidents are written out in just the right measure of absurdity and kindness and venom and truth; its comments on people and times and such incidentals as death, marriage, etc., are exact. It knows how to be gay without romping and pathetic without getting soaked to the skin.

Paul Muni is not in his best role here, for he is not used to such roguishness as that of father-and-son make-believe, and seems to cover embarrassment with business—in which excess of eye and hand-motion, the playful-brusque too easily becomes bisque. But he grows nobly with the story, and beyond it; and there are few who, in these circumstances,

could have given its strength-in-resignation such appeal to our belief. Jane Bryan, in a part so narrow as to be called thankless, plays it with a sweet sincerity that keeps her in the story even when the story doesn't. The comment on Mr. Hilton (though not the picture) is that Flora Robson and Una O'Connor have parts rich enough for an actor to die for: and they are the forces of evil. The comment on Edmund Goulding's direction is that they are kept within the parts, so that Miss O'Connor is both funny and malignant, without overdoing either; and Miss Robson is magniloquent, hateful but understandable.

In these many ways it is a touching picture, with human honesty in it as well as Mr. Muni. I wouldn't know whom to recommend it to exactly. Those interested in good movie-making won't need to be warned that this is no great film, no great cinematic advance. But given what has to be said, it translates this into the intricacies of its own language; and in its own language it talks like a native.

Better-Late Department.—"U-Boat 29" is out in the neighborhoods now, a British-Columbia film directed by Michael Powell. It is built around a highly fictitious mission to the Orkney Islands of German submarines in the World War, and the Admiralty might have been still snorting at its impossible cheek on the day a German submarine in another war *did* thread the passage into Scapa Flow, and blew the "Royal Oak" clear out of the fleet. Anyhow, it is made with dramatic force and a feeling both for the tension of operations and for background and people.

The film is biased only lightly in favor of British resourcefulness and the glamor of war, because its first concern is in making the story and the characters within it firm and likely. The plot develops on a triangle situation, in which Conrad Veidt makes a powerful and arresting figure; but the general soundness comes from the thorough filling out of all the incidents and people along the way.

"U-Boat 29" takes the simple line of adventure. But it is handled throughout with feeling, spaciousness and film imagination—and I say that makes a good movie. All opposed can of course stay home and read a book about the Cinema. Or write one.

Cross-Words Department.—Figuring out headlines in Variety without consulting the body-text used to be a better pastime than it is now. I think they are getting tired over there—one inspired day they headed a story on how Pittsburgh theatre operators hadn't got their cooling plants overhauled in time for premature summer weather: HEAT CATCHES PITT WITH PLANTS DOWN. But they haven't given up, and the December 6 issue has a couple for puzzlers: "Pre-Yule Droop Smites L. A., Ritzes, 'Night' Red \$15,000; 'Daughter' Just Bad Girl, 17 G; Muni Lonely \$15,300." There is a whole story there, but an easy one, and no prizes will be given. This one is a little tougher, word by word (remember! full titles of pictures, the presence of a stage show, and how they're doing, must be indicated): "Bad Weather, H.O.'s Crimp Chi B.O.; 'Fast'-Dead Enders Fine 21½G, Garbo Top-notchka 19G, Kyser's 2d \$11,000." No prizes will be given here either. For correct answer, consult your nearest English professor.

OTIS FERGUSON

The Bandwagon

REVEAL SECRET GERMAN PLOT TO GIVE UP WAR. —
Main headline in *The Los Angeles Evening News*.

With no fuss and as regularly as clockwork the gun crew fired round after round, and even the men on the platforms whom the explosion lifted in the air each time remained steadily at attention for the few seconds they were without foothold. — *Item in The London Times scouted out and printed as a howler by The New Statesman and Nation*.

Special services dedicating a new heating plant recently installed are to be held at the First Baptist Church today. . . . And at 7:30 o'clock Rev. Ernest Nelson of Manistique will deliver a sermon entitled "The Day of Fire." — *News item in The Escanaba (Michigan) Daily Press*.

Abso-bloody-lutely

"What [the soldiers] like to read," said one of the officers with the British forces in France, "is a jolly good detective story with a murder in every chapter." — *From a dispatch by Sir Philip Gibbs from France, published in The New York Times*.

Hay Foot, Straw Foot

Meeting Civil Liberties Section. 1:00 P. M. Attendance compulsory. — *Notice posted on the doors of the Whig-Clio Debating Society, Princeton University*.

After You!

The British steamer "Sirdhana," which struck a mine off Singapore harbor last week and sank with the loss of eleven lives, was seen heading into the mine field by the commander of a battery overlooking the harbor who could not fire a warning shot to stop the ship because the fire commander was absent.

Captain J. W. M. Hipkin, commander of the British battery guarding the harbor, testified that he . . . did not have discretionary power to fire a warning shot without permission of Lieutenant A. Huleatt, the fire commander. — *UP dispatch published in The New York Times*.

Your and Whose Else?

Lord and Taylor says . . . Nightgowns with long sleeves. Deliciously, deceptively demure. Heart-stealing, News-making. Such enchantment as you've never known; your newest diversion: dressing-up for bed. — *From an advertisement in The New York Times*.

"Give Us Some Time to Blow the Man Down"

Our commanders are not likely in advance of the time that suits them to unnecessarily risk the lives of those who compose our armies. — *Leslie Hore-Belisha quoted in The Chicago Tribune*.

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and \$1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. — THE EDITORS

Letters to THE NEW REPUBLIC about its 25th ANNIVERSARY

SIR: I endeavor to take time to read about half a dozen of our leading national magazines, as I consider it the duty of a Member of Congress to keep in touch with our best thought on the vital issues of the day. I am frank to say that The New Republic is the first one I turn to and it would be the last one I could dispense with; to me it is absolutely *sine qua non*.

May I congratulate you on your twenty-fifth birthday and wish you another quarter of a century of service to the American people.

Washington, D. C.

MARTIN F. SMITH

SIR: I like to read The New Republic. Sometimes I agree with it; sometimes I do not, but always I find it provocative. It has more journalistic technique, as well as spiritual equipment, than any other periodical in its field. I want it to live. Sometimes it is an exemplar of right; sometimes it is an example of wrong, but, right or wrong, I like to have it around.

Good luck.

New York City

HERBERT BAYARD SWOPE

SIR: I am glad The New Republic has weathered so successfully the first twenty-five years and I wish for it and for the American people that it may enjoy many more years of happy and useful life.

In this quarter century I owe much to The New Republic for information, education and provocation. In its early years I differed vehemently from it in the matter of our entry into the First World War. I think events justified me, rather than The New Republic. I have been almost equally opposed to The New Republic's editorial policy on a number of matters which seemed to me of much importance, but at least it has helped me to clarify my own mind. And sometimes it has shown me the road.

Long may it flourish.

New York City

NORMAN THOMAS

SIR: It is difficult to realize that The New Republic is celebrating its twenty-fifth birthday. As a subscriber during much of the quarter century I have been greatly impressed by certain outstanding characteristics. It has impressed me as liberal, but not caustic; fearless, but not flippant; forceful, but not sensational. By no means the least of its achievements has been its ability to keep the interest of its readers without resorting to the bizarre.

Westport-on-Lake Champlain, N. Y. MARY E. WOOLLEY

SIR: It is sometimes hard for publications which depend chiefly on advertising to hold the scales level as between business on the one hand and labor and agriculture on the other.

Therefore, it is exceedingly important that a paper like yours, which is supremely and thoughtfully interested in the underprivileged groups, should maintain and increase its vigor in terms of the general welfare.

Washington, D. C.

H. A. WALLACE

SIR: From its first issue, twenty-five years ago, I have always found The New Republic a challenge and a stimulus which is saying much more than can be said for most publications.

Congratulations on reaching the quarter-century mark.
New York City

IDA M. TARBELL

(Other letters we have received will
be published in coming issues.)

Correspondence

Intellectuals in Spain

SIR: It is important for intellectuals all over the world to realize what has happened to the Spanish intellectuals since the unconditional peace imposed by the second Fascist junta. According to the Associated Press, more than half a million refugees from Spain have poured into France. Virtually all of them are in concentration camps in the south of France. Many have had scant food for days at a time. Some have died. Children have been separated from their mothers and some have not yet been found. The French say it costs eight francs a day (about twenty-one cents) to feed each one.

I shall not dwell on this tragic population displacement, or even on the removal from circulation in Spain of the works of such writers as Castelar, Pi y Margall, Joaquín Costa, Antonio Machado, Miguel de Unamuno, Juan Ramón Jiménez, García Lorca, Rafael Alberti, Arconada, Sender, Antonio Espina (whose mind could not endure its fate; he is now in a concentration camp, insane), Jarnes, Zozaya, Navarro Tomás and others. It is of more vital significance to American intellectuals that all of the Goyas painted during his great satiric, liberalizing period have been removed from the galleries, and that all the Picassos—in Spain have been confiscated by the Franco gendarmerie, which has thus far not even declared what its intentions are as to their disposal.

The leading Spanish professors, former scholars of the centers of liberal education founded by the eminent pedagogue Francisco Ginér de los Rios, have been eliminated from the universities and institutes of the Franco state. In the words of Romualdo de Toledo, chief of the Institute of Higher Learning: "There exist insuperable difficulties in the schools of Madrid; where there were formerly 2,200 teachers, only 500 remain." The slogan of Franco's government is "Death to intelligence"—a phrase of Millan Astray, chief of the Foreign Legion. It is the essence of Franco's "repurification" program, initiated in the institutions of learning, now under the control of the most backward elements of the church, which has reassumed its function of "educating" our people.

Permit me to quote from a letter I have just received from my young friend Antonio Blanca, one of Spain's leading moving-picture critics. It is from a concentration camp in Africa. "Every night in Boghari," he writes, "after a burden of work, during which the simoon comes to remind us of the Sahara, it seems to me that all this must be impossible. I feel as though I were a lost man, on another planet. . . . Persist, fight, insist. Prevent me from enduring more mortal months of inertia which are making me useless and empty. I am tormented by the prospect of the coming winter in the camps. I am obsessed by the dark horizons which encircle us."

I have another letter from an African concentration camp, from the Catalan journalist, Germinal Ross: "I have lost my wife. She has died in Spain. I must leave this place if I am again to build my life, which now finds few horizons." In Alicante, the hunchbacked poet Pla y Beltrán works at forced labor. Enduring the same hardships, unable to paint, are the two artists, Puyol and Miciano. Professor Rubio has been condemned to death. Perhaps he has already been executed, as was the seventy-year-old historian, the great Carlos Rahola.

The Director of the Municipal Orchestra of Barcelona, Ricardo Lamote Grignon, one of Europe's distinguished musicians, is in prison. In the concentration camp at Valencia is the

philologist Rodríguez Monino. The actor Mejuto is also in a concentration camp. He has lost his voice. I have in my possession a clipping from Madrid's daily newspaper. It lists the names of seventeen leading journalists who have just been murdered by Franco—several of whom were among those who helped to engineer the final surrender to the Fascists.

Yet, inspired by Franco supporters, there is in the United States a whole body of opinion to the effect that Franco has eliminated reprisals, in the interests of humanity. I have read documents expressing the belief that there have been no reprisals. My own experience in Franco-governed Spain from the time of the Loyalist defeat until June, when I left, convinces me that on the contrary the very basis of Fascist continuance in Spain is reprisal, carried through with the aid of the German Gestapo and the Italian Ova. I have more than enough documentary material to substantiate this.

And now, a question: "What of the American intellectuals?" What are you going to do for your Spanish colleagues?
New York City

DESIDERIO PENA

"Oh Lost!"

SIR: Having observed The New Republic divide against itself and having noted the shift in the line of the Communist Party, I suggest the following revision of the Marxian slogan: "Workers of the world, arise! You have nothing to lose but your liberals."

New York City

R. H. GAGE

Monopoly in Shipbuilding

SIR: I am prompted to write you by your editorial of November 29 complaining, among other things, about the proposed navy-appropriation bill which will put an end to "competitive bidding" (the expression is laughable) and provide for awarding construction contracts on a cost-plus basis. As to this particular point, the Industrial Union of Marine and Shipbuilding Workers of America, CIO, has been advocating this change for the past two years.

It is surprising how economists and clear-headed thinkers, who realize that price competition disappeared from many well ordered industries years ago, still cling to a fond belief that proprietors of the closely held shipbuilding monopoly will undercut each other's prices for naval contracts. The Nye committee did a pretty good job of exploding this delusion some years ago, but memories are short and hope springs eternal.

There has been no serious competitive bidding for naval contracts for the past ten years. But what is more to the point is that there isn't going to be any competition, for the simple reason that as things stand now there can't be. When there are only seven or eight private shipyards to build sixty or eighty naval vessels—all taking two to four years to build; when these yards have limited capacity and cannot build some types of ships, while they have experience and special advantage in building other types; and when the program has to be awarded piecemeal over four or eight years' time; then it is obvious that for each proposed ship there is very little if any choice as to where it will be awarded. The low bidder is invariably the only yard that wants or can take the contract. The others put in high complimentary bids—and would be horribly embarrassed if the navy made a mistake and gave them the job. This

is about the way things have been going, though, of course, there are minor variations.

Of course, if the navy thinks the price is too high, it can throw out the bids, and sometimes has. But it doesn't really know exactly what the price ought to be. Because it doesn't investigate costs.

What this union has been proposing is that the navy should award the contracts on a cost-plus basis *and* maintain a competent auditing staff which will determine the true costs of building ships in private yards. Also that a special joint commission, with labor representation, should supervise the whole business.

Of course, if you're advocating that the government build all its own naval vessels, that's another story and, as the fellow says, brings on more talk.

PHILIP H. VAN GELDER, Secretary-Treasurer
Industrial Union of Marine and Shipbuilding Workers
Camden, N. J.

India and the Call to the Colors

SIR: I wonder if these four points could have occurred to you when you wrote the editorial, "India: Britain's Acid Test" [November 1].

First, that the British Empire is at war against a totalitarian state, and that to fight the war successfully, everyone who lives under the Union Jack has to make many sacrifices and has to give up some personal freedom. India is apparently not to be an exception to this rule.

Second, that to the great mass of 350,000,000 people in India our forms of democratic government are as foreign as they are to Hitler and Goebbels.

Third, that many serious students of government doubt whether a democratic form of government will ever be superimposed successfully upon an oriental people.

Fourth, is it not possible that Mr. Montague and Lord Chelmsford were a little overenthusiastic in 1917, and that today's statesmen are proving more realistic?

New York City

HARRY H. FIELD

Boner

SIR: Surely the erudite Mr. Lerner should know that it would be a very difficult feat for Hitler to sit in a Vienna restaurant (*ante* 1912) and hold the spectators "spellbound with his attacks on . . . the Weimar government" (*post* 1919).

Stanford University, Calif.

HENRY MADDEN

The Old Army Game

SIR: Your magazine, which is the most outstanding of its kind, is rapidly losing its fool head in the clouds of democratic-capitalistic speculation over Russia.

If Russia seeks to extend her influence over other countries, very good. It serves to strengthen communism and weaken capitalism. Even if Russia marched against all the Balkans, crushed their governments, and set up local Communist governments, there would be nothing anti-revolutionary about that. The only condition would be that, where states were ethnologically different from Russia, they should have their own government.

I am not a Communist. I am just an old-fashioned revolutionary who has not let Hitlerism scare him out of his belief that capitalism, whether it is fascist or democratic, is rotten to the core and must go. Anything to speed its departure is all right with me—even a general war in Europe.

Utica, N. Y.

WOLF PORTER

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Janice Johnson, of Washington, Indiana, has an idea for those who may wish to help China more than their present budget allows: instead of buying Christmas cards, get some penny postcards from the government, and deduct the cost from the normal cost of Christmas cards and stamps. The amount, she realizes, will not be much—but according to another letter we have from the American Committee for Chinese War Orphans, it will look bigger from the other side. The Chinese are developing schools and orphanages all over the country to take care of an estimated 300,000 orphans. "By a feat of organization and economy, they are able to provide clothing, food, shelter and training for one child for \$20 a year."

R. Rhees points out from London (N. W. 6) something we didn't think of till too late: "If you don't like so many letters you oughtn't to publish supplements." His main point is Stuart Chase's article in the anniversary number: "I liked it, but I think he's got a bit of egg on his tie." Mr. Rhees points, for example, to the term "federated union," which Mr. Chase says is the only out for Europe. Such terms, Mr. Rhees says, are in such frequent use now that they don't look much more specific than totalitarian, democratic and the like. "You use the phrase mainly to show what sort of person you are. If you are cautious you say *some sort of* federal union; but it will be federal union anyway. You don't have to ask why federal union should be expected to do the things you say it will do." . . . Irving Stone, of Encino, California, is writing a biography of Clarence Darrow, "whom many New Republic readers will remember with affection." He would like any unpublished Darrow material from both friends and enemies, and promises safe handling.

The Second-Class Mailbox.—The General Defense Committee of the IWW, remembered with fear as I-Won't-Work and with affection as the Wobblies, sends a call for funds—Christmas money for labor prisoners, from San Quentin to Sing Sing, sailors, miners, farm, shop, lumber and steel workers, all creeds and sects. It is the Wobblies' twenty-third Christmas gift (address 98 Third Avenue, New York City). . . . The German People's School sends an announcement and a request. They are conducting free evening courses in American language and customs "for recently arrived immigrants from Germany, Austria and Czechoslovakia." For an outline of courses (given at the Rand School of Social Science) or for possible ways of aiding the work, address the school at 51 West 106th Street, New York City. . . . The Communist Party is sending out an SOS for defense and bail money in the Earl Browder case. The Defense Committee for Civil Rights for Communists, 799 Broadway, New York City. . . . And the Mutual Broadcasting System News brings a ray of light and hope into the office with an announcement of its program for New Year's Day, which includes "the actual voices of world leaders in recorded addresses that contributed to the progress of 1939: Roosevelt, Chamberlain, Pope Pius XII, Mussolini, Hitler, Daladier, King George VI and Lindbergh." Caution: don't believe what you read in the papers.

Checks for the Mailbox Department.—Together with Liberty, the Town Hall's Town Meeting of the Air posts a \$1,000 reward for the best cartoon on "how the Town Meeting idea can best preserve American liberty and democracy"—\$1,800 prize money in all. Details from Liberty. . . . The Rowny Press, 705 Anacapa Street, Santa Barbara, proposes to actually print books of poetry at no expense to the poet. They are sure (1) that "the second renaissance is breaking in modern poetry," and (2) that they can publish verse and pay royalties without loss to the firm.

Books in Review

Essays in Ideas

MAX LERNER has now gathered his occasional writings of the last ten years, originally printed in *The New Republic* and *The Nation*, in *The Yale Law Journal* and *The Harvard Law Review*, in the *Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences* and a dozen other periodicals and symposia. Together they make a book¹ of more than five hundred large pages. He has chosen not to revise them drastically and not to arrange them in a consecutive pattern—"mainly," as he says in his Foreword, "because I have a considerable regard for the essay form. Each of these pieces was originally written as an essay . . . and it is as essays that I want them to be read."

They were good essays when they were first printed, well reasoned, brilliantly presented, and almost all of them are good essays today. Some have suffered from the changing times, and some through being transferred from scholarly journals into a book intended for the general reader, who may be somewhat puzzled by their vocabulary. A few essays suffer from repetition—for example the four dealing with Thorstein Veblen, which might have been combined and cut down at the overlapping margins into one long essay that said the last word on Veblen. Faults like these are inevitable in any collection of pieces written for different magazines. On the other hand, "Ideas Are Weapons" has a strength and a unity that most collections lack.

Its unity depends partly on the subject matter and partly on the personality of the author. The subject matter is ideas, and especially the history of ideas—"the way in which they emerged out of the biographies of their creators and out of the class movements and tensions of their time, and the way in which they have finally taken the shape of the uses to which they have been put." Even when Mr. Lerner is discussing particular writers or statesmen—Holmes and Brandeis, Roosevelt, Farley, Lippmann, Pareto, Lenin and Hitler—he is much less concerned with the story of their lives than with the story of their thinking. "For what has it been used?" is the question he always tries to answer. In other words, he regards ideas primarily as weapons in the struggle of individuals and societies for inward harmony and outward power. But his own personality as revealed in this book cannot be defined so neatly as his subject matter. To me it seems to have three principal aspects.

Max Lerner, in the first place, is a conciliator. He writes about many topics that have aroused angry disputes—the New Deal, the Supreme Court, Russian communism, German fascism—and on each of them he takes a clear stand. Many people will disagree with what he says, but most of them will listen and very few will be incensed by the speaker. For one thing, he has the gift of generous enthusiasm, of recognizing greatness even in diehard Tories. For another, he is fair to his opponents, taking the honesty of

their motives for granted and stating their opinions carefully before setting out to demolish them. But most of all, he avoids the fiercer sort of controversy by refining the issues with which he deals—by reducing a rough-and-tumble fight to a conflict between points of view, and this in turn to a discussion of ideas. Legal issues are refined in a similar fashion before reaching the Supreme Court. Indeed, there is something distant and cool and judicial in Mr. Lerner's approach, as if his mind had been formed by reading the dissenting opinions of Mr. Justice Holmes.

I think he loses something by this detachment. From the three essays on Mr. Justice Brandeis, one would never suspect the dark bitterness of the battle against confirming "the dirty Jewish lawyer" that raged for fifteen months in the Senate. From the fine essay on Hitler, one would never infer the midnight tortures of a concentration camp. And when Mr. Lerner warns us to hurry, that it is later than we think, the urgency is all in his words. The style itself has a daylight clarity; it keeps us from believing that night will ever fall. Yet what he loses in drama, and sometimes also in the sense of reality, he gains in persuasiveness. To radicals in particular, he offers a reasonable program and a chance of composing their suicidal quarrels.

In the second place, Max Lerner is an interpreter. He is a critic too, and often a very keen one, but the task he particularly enjoys is to take the ideas of some distinguished but not widely known thinker and set them down in their proper context, so that all but the dullest can understand them. That task is more than usually important today. The preceding age was one of specialization: an immense fund of fact and theory was accumulated in each of the social sciences, but without being made available to the public at large. The public has therefore remained susceptible to anti-scientific notions—those of Hitler, for example. Now that our scientific culture is threatened by such notions, the best way of preserving it is to spread it through the whole population. For this function, no writer I know is better qualified than Max Lerner. Partly through his work on the *Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences* and partly through his really prodigious reading, he has become familiar with such of the specialized fields as law, economics, sociology, political science, and has learned the general outlines of many others. He is able, moreover, to make these subjects intelligible and interesting to the lay reader.

But Max Lerner is also a systematizer; that is the third and perhaps the most important aspect of his personality as revealed in this book. Besides interpreting the ideas of the social scientists, he is also beginning to fit them together into a unified structure and, where details are lacking, to fill out the chinks with ideas of his own. I think he should now undertake the task of restating political theory in terms of the experience accumulated during our own time. For a book like this is not merely a summary of the work he has done during the last ten years. It is also a clearing of the ground for the new work that will follow.

MALCOLM COWLEY

¹ *Ideas Are Weapons: The History and Uses of Ideas*, by Max Lerner. New York: The Viking Press. 567 pages. \$3.50.

Study in Sex

My Life: Autobiography of Havelock Ellis. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 661 pages. \$3.75.

EARLY IN HIS LIFE Havelock Ellis planned to write his autobiography: the present work was begun when he was around forty. He kept working at it and over it until the end of his life; so at times, when he mentions some event in the past, it is a little difficult to figure which past he refers to—that of the original passage or a later past, interpolated in the act of revision.

Ellis's models in biography were Saint Augustine and Rousseau; yet Ellis's account of himself turns out to be curiously Victorian in his sudden reticences, his rather prudish evasions, even at times in his almost Tennysonian sentimentality. So at first reading one is terribly disappointed in this book: partly because of its lack of depth and self-awareness, partly because of the limitations of character which it discloses. On reflection, however, Ellis's observations bear up well: for if this is not the autobiography one might have expected from a twentieth-century admirer of Rousseau—Ellis thought Rousseau the most important influence since Christ—"My Life" has still the claim of a great human document, written from the heart. It is essentially the history of the central failure of his life: his marriage with Edith Lees. Out of that failure, in all its ramifications, came no small part of his wisdom.

Part of Havelock Ellis's life has already been told: most notably in the distinguished biography written by Houston Peterson and published in 1928, based as it was on a great quantity of Ellis's original notes and comments. He was the son of a sea captain, and he was brought up in a rigorous, nonconformist household: an only boy in a family of four girls. The puritanic middle-class smugness, the suburban gentility of his original environment seep through these pages: these backgrounds of Ellis's youth doubtless explain in part his unusual preoccupation with his more colorful Suffolk ancestors, whose existence he had hardly suspected till his father, in Ellis's middle life, turned over some old documents on the breed.

Passive, repressed, driven inward, young Havelock Ellis was the very model of the inhibited Englishman of these latter days, with a romantic emotional life that was locked away from the prying eyes of the world. The repression went so deep that Ellis himself can speak of his sexual repression as if it did not exist—a fine confession to come from a psychologist of sex who reports in old age a long history of nocturnal emissions without either sensations or recollected dreams.

One is perpetually amazed by a vein of naïveté in this narrative which is not so much Victorian as suburban. So, as a young man returning to his family after a sojourn in Australia, Ellis reports a new emotional interest, with a distinct sexual tinge, in one of his sisters; and then remarks that this cast a real light for him on the reason for exogamy in primitive tribes. Very good: but apparently it threw no light on the subject of incest, or if it did, Ellis makes no mention of it. Indeed, in handling his relations with his mother and his sisters, Ellis exhibits a sort of pre-Freudian innocence, which is striking in a man who as early as 1898 had recognized the importance of Freud and Breuer's work.

The part of Ellis's life that he kept for his own telling mainly concerns his relationships with Olive Schreiner and with Edith Lees, who became Mrs. Havelock Ellis. The first attachment was apparently a simple one. Olive Schreiner was a somewhat older woman, experienced in love, passionate, who found herself drawn to this sedate young man, with the small keen eyes and spreading beard. Ellis had already derived from James Hinton the notion that sex was a positive good; he was verbally ready to damn braces and bless relaxes, like that other great innocent, Blake. But he tells one just enough about this relationship, which laid the basis for a long voluminous correspondence, to make one wish to know all about it. Did the impetuous Olive fail to break down his inhibitions; or did she succeed, without finding the lover she needed?

A few simple words here on Ellis's part would have helped one to understand better his central tragedy: his marriage with Edith Lees. For Edith, the next woman he was drawn to, did not awaken passion in him; their sexual relations were never satisfactory and after a short while they gave them up altogether. Whether Edith Lees's homosexuality made a good marriage impossible, or whether a poor mating, sexually speaking, reinforced her latent homosexual tendencies one cannot tell. At this point Ellis was either too blind or too kind to himself, too anxious to preserve his *amour propre*. But on his own account he was both an inexperienced man at the time of his marriage in 1891—at the age of 32—and an exceptionally cold one. It took years to thaw out this inhibited young man; and the chief agent in this process was, one suspects, his own studies of the scientific background of sex.

The fact is, at all events, that Ellis devoted much of his life to resolving and transcending the mistakes that attended his marriage to Edith Lees. On a physician's advice, they never sought to have children; the married pair never shared the most common vehicle of sexual relations, a joint household; hence, they never experienced the last step in sexual maturity, parenthood, nor did they know either the special dullnesses or the special tensions that people encounter living, year after year, under one roof: they had the privilege of preserving the psychological distance of lovers without the solace of knowing physical passion. A more stable woman than Mrs. Ellis might have been wrecked by that relationship: yet Ellis remained opaque, it would appear, to the end of his life as to the source and extent of the strain between them.

These facts all help to explain the scope and limitations of Ellis's actual life work. The man who had done so much to reveal the bodily aspects of love and to celebrate the possibilities of erotic fulfilment lived to proclaim the ultimate height of love in the deepening of his purely spiritual relationship with Edith: their marriage was for him an ultimate and enduring reality. That was one paradox. And the other strange part about Ellis's life is that it was only just before senescence, probably only after Edith's death, that Ellis seems to have achieved in actual experience of love anything like the erotic intensity and effulgence he had spent so much of his life appraising. Winter was to prove the springtime of his erotic life—as spring had certainly been, with all its inhibitions and frigidities, his winter.

Yet Havelock Ellis's limitations were responsible not merely for his writing about sex: they were also responsible

for what in his work was of unique value. If he had been a more robust lover, he would doubtless have enacted his studies in sex, in the fashion of a Don Juan. It was his repressions, his coolness, his tepid qualities as a lover, his passive and almost feminine response in the love relationship that made him so sympathetic to those who had encountered more varied and violent experiences. This was what made him the supreme confidant of women—and ultimately of men, too—in his generation. For Ellis's great contribution to sexual knowledge derives from the case histories he was able to evoke; histories rich in detail, unsparing in revelation, done with a fuller intimacy than that of the doctor's consulting room. If Ellis had succeeded better in his personal life, his main contribution, his ultimate success, would have been smaller.

LEWIS MUMFORD

Slightly Pied Pipers

Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats, by T. S. Eliot. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 46 pages. \$1.25.
The World Is Round, by Gertrude Stein. Illustrated by Clement Hurd. New York: William R. Scott. 68 pages. \$2.50.

YOUR REVIEWER has found himself baffled by the assignment of reviewing these two children's books by T. S. Eliot and Gertrude Stein. He had difficulty in getting through the Stein book; and aside from the poem on "The Naming of Cats," described by Mr. Hackett below, and Mr. Eliot's amusing drawings of himself disguised in false whiskers and prunellas—in one of which he is roller-skating in the company of what appears to be an *alter ego* in spats and a silk hat—he was rather disappointed in "Old Possum." As a writer of sheer light verse, Mr. Eliot lacks the spontaneity and recklessness that are necessary to really keep it going. But these books are intended for children, and ought to be judged by their success with children. Your reviewer has, therefore, turned them over to Mr. Chauncey Hackett, who has children and definite ideas about children's books and who has brought in an interesting report. It is perhaps worth pointing out that there seems to be something like a general tendency on the part of the more "difficult" writers to go in for children's books. Kay Boyle has done a book about a camel; and E. E. Cummings is rumored to be engaged on a book of fairy-tales. I don't know what this means—except that they evidently do not feel at the moment that they have anything better to do.

EDMUND WILSON

THE FIRST POEM in "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats" is a versified essay on "The Naming of Cats." Each cat must have three names—an ordinary name (such as Plato or Jonathan); a private peculiar name shared by no other cat (as Quaxo, Coricopat); and a mysterious inner name known only to the cat itself and entirely undiscoverable to the human race:

When you notice a cat in profound meditation,
 The reason, I tell you, is always the same:
 His mind is engaged in a rapt contemplation
 Of the thought, of the thought, of the thought
 of his name:

His ineffable effable
 Effanineffable
 Deep and inscrutable singular Name.

Old Possum then presents a Bab Ballad about a cat named Growltiger; and a somewhat A. A. Milne-ish jingle called "The Rum Tum Tugger"; next, with the sudden vivacity of a shooting star, comes a delightful lyric by the poet T. S. Eliot ("The Song of the Jellicles"). Score thus far: Old Possum, 3; Children (if any), 1. Old Possum next throws himself into four ballads—"Mungojerry and Rumpleteaser," "Old Deuteronomy," "Macavity" and "Skimbleshanks"—all handled rather mincingly to the muffled beat of Mr. Kipling's tom-tom; then into four portraits in verse cunningly flavored with essence of Calverley and Lear; and ends finally in two pieces of pure Old Possum; all, with one exception, being either above or below the level of a child's unbewildered interest. Final score: Old Possum, 12; Children, 2.

It looks as if Old Possum's book was not written at all for children, or else only for certain children peculiarly within the orbit of Mr. T. S. Eliot's intimacy and therefore familiar with allusions and catchwords meaningless to others: this conclusion was reached after repeated experiment had shown that normal American children either would not or could not listen to the greater part of "Old Possum." They could take none of it except "The Jellicles" (headed straight for the anthologies, I believe) and "The Old Gumbie Cat" (merely tolerated by those over five).

One old Harvard semi-classic seems to have lain dormant in Mr. Eliot's imagination for nearly forty years. Sometime about 1901 The Harvard Lampoon printed a little cartoon of an unshaven pop-eyed Irishman hanging in air above the Charles in a suicide attempt.

Beneath the picture were these words:

I find that my philosophy shames
 The laws of Münsterberg and James,
 And I, Aloysius P. MacAvity,
 May sniff at Newton's dream of gravity.

In "Old Possum's Book," MacAvity becomes a cat:

Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like Macavity,
 He's broken every human law, he breaks the law of gravity.
 His powers of levitation would make a fakir stare,
 And when you reach the scene of crime, Macavity's not there.

If "Old Possum" does not appeal strongly to American childhood, it is because so much of the humor is foreign or unintelligible to youngsters beyond the island where Mr. Eliot has become fixed; but there is no such obstacle to the young mind in Gertrude Stein's artfully simple "The World Is Round." This is a delicious confection of a book, printed in dark blue on rose-colored paper. The simplicity of the diction is extreme. There is almost nothing to eat in the story (usually a serious defect in a children's book), the lion is decidedly inferior, and the plot development is so gradual that Chapter 26 is called not without humor "Rose Does Something." (Rose is the heroine. Rose is a Rose.) None of the usual devices of children's stories is here, but this is clearly a child's book.

Brought before a jury of five kids, this book was ap-

proved by two, rejected by three. This would seem a defeat for Miss Stein. But wait. Of the two who applauded, one was a girl of ten, herself a poet. The other, a boy of three, was clearly most *en rapport* with the source of Miss Stein's power to invoke a child's interest. She has obeyed the first precept for those who would write for children: "Except you become as a little child you shall not enter."

CHAUNCEY HACKETT

Murder for Sale

The Mysterious Mickey Finn, or Murder at the Café du Dôme, by Elliot Paul. New York: Modern Age Books. 50 cents.

As for the Woman, by Francis Iles. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

A Coffin for Dimitrios, by Eric Ambler. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.

THE CORPSE FOUND POISONED, hanged, shot or stabbed to death in the opening chapters is no more dead than the routine murder mystery of which it is the stock opening. A strange convention has decreed that the murderer must be unknown and the victim either colorless or unlovable. From such mechanical limitations it inevitably follows that, whatever the problems posed, their solution can have no motives but competition and curiosity, and that, whatever the melodrama, it must be hollow. The technique of mystery-story making thus shrinks into a kind of competition with cabinet-making and cross-word puzzles, challenging the reader to find the secret drawer and offering deliberately misleading definitions of words.

Vaguely troubled by such awarenesses, authors have devised more and more intricate riddles, elaborated eccentricities to characterize their sleuths, and presented us not with one murder merely but a holocaust. But the most complex problem is still idle unless we are emotionally involved in its solution; detectives cannot amuse us long by being thin and hard-boiled or rotund and orotund, by drinking beer, quoting the Greek Anthology and raising orchids; and bloodshed is no more than red ink if the characters have never lived for us. These were, therefore, only pleasant blind-alleys.

The three novels here noted make three different efforts to overcome these difficulties. Mr. Paul marries mystery to burlesque, and produces a wild and hilarious hybrid of madness and muddle. The scrambled ingredients of his fantastic plot involve the kidnaping of an American millionaire art collector, bohemian orgies in the cellars of Montmartre, a police force like the Keystone cops in Gallic dress, a gigantic El Greco forging ring, and royalist intrigues to restore the Bourbons. Brought to a standstill, Homer Evans, the master sleuth, demands fifteen minutes for intensive cerebration, but uses only seven; the art-racketeers reduce their forger, a respectable academician, to trembling horror, whereupon, "Lay off, Dodo," says one; "if he gets the shakes he won't be able to do anything but Pissaros." Crazy, as you can see, but scintillating.

"As for the Woman" is not so successful, although its method—tracing the emotions of the criminal—is potentially superior: *vide* "Crime and Punishment." Forgoing mystery, Mr. Iles concentrates on the way in which an Oxford undergraduate is goaded to the point of murder and panicky

Give him THE MOST DISCUSSED BOOKS OF THE YEAR

"Overshadows almost any other book in print."

—N. Y. Times

1 The book all America is discussing. Dorothy Thompson says: "Absolutely essential reading!" Walter Millis says: "Each day's roaring headlines only seem more exactly to confirm its predictions." Here are Hitler's fantastic plans for world domination. 16th printing! \$3.00

"The most important biography of the year."

2 All who want to understand the real reasons behind Russia's recent moves cannot afford to miss this documented biography of Russia's dictator. Says Eugene Lyons: "All the fantastic news out of Russia suddenly begins to make sense." By Boris Souvarine, famous authority on Soviet affairs. 704 momentous pages. \$3.75

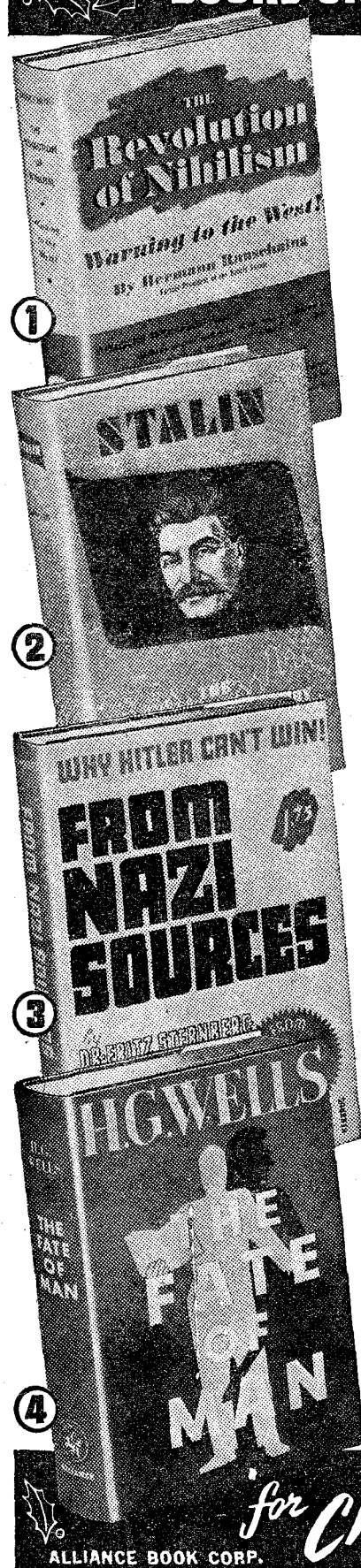
The common sense of the war news . . .

By Fritz Sternberg

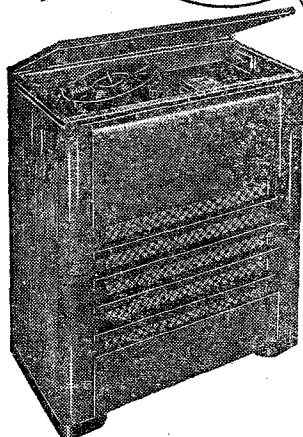
3 A sensation in Europe, where it sold 30,000 copies in Hungary in one week, this book uses official Nazi statements to show exactly why Hitler can't win! Know the true state of Germany today. Read this book. Illustrated with pictographs. \$1.75

After the war, what?

4 Says the Saturday Review: "Of all the books on the world crisis, H. G. Wells' latest is the most comprehensive and the most powerful. This is a rejuvenated Wells, a true master of thought and expression." Read Wells' greatest book since *The Outline of History*. \$2.50



A COMBINATION
hard to match at any price
YET ONLY \$99.95



Phonograph Radio Combination Model BB-7 is only one of 64 brilliant Lafayette Radio models setting new standards in entertainment and value. Prices range from \$6.95 to \$164.95.

Now you can hear symphonic music reproduced in your home with glorious realism. For such is the quality of this phonograph combination that radio and record are forgotten in the sweep of its natural tone. Those who have seen Lafayette Model BB-7, examined the beauty of its cabinetry, experienced the performance of its 8 tube, 3 band radio with magic antenn-air, and Garrard Automatic Record Changer, unhesitatingly estimate this instrument's price high in the hundreds. Actually, it costs just \$99.95.

Let us send you a copy of the new 1940 Lafayette Radio Catalog No. 785.

LAFAYETTE RADIO

100 SIXTH AVENUE • NEW YORK, N. Y.

542 E. Fordham Rd. . . BRONX, N. Y. 24 Central Ave. . . . NEWARK, N. J.
 90-08 166th Street . . . JAMAICA, L. I. 110 Federal Street . . BOSTON, MASS.
 901 W. Jackson Blvd. . CHICAGO, ILL. 265 Peachtree Street . ATLANTA, GA.

"... the first really important word on the subject of wise land utilization since 'Progress and Poverty.'" —LEWIS MUMFORD

REVOLUTION IN LAND

BY
CHARLES ABRAMS

Consultant to the U. S. Housing Authority

An entirely new and penetrating analysis of the changing place of land in the American economy, accompanied by a positive program for a real and permanent national policy which embodies a drastic departure from the palliative measures thus far adopted. This plan goes to the roots of the problem, discovers why access to the land is difficult for the average citizen, and offers a sound, democratic and fundamental remedy.

WHAT AUTHORITIES SAY:

"... encyclopedic... interesting... sounds an extremely necessary warning to government, lending institutions, and land ownership to 'Stop, Look and Listen!'" —SURVEY GRAPHIC

"No other survey of this quality exists in English. It fills out a barren patch in contemporary thinking." —LEWIS MUMFORD

"... important and thought-provoking, the influence of which will be felt for many years to come." —PUBLIC HOUSING PROGRESS

"... belongs in the library of everyone who senses the fundamental importance of the land problem in our urban and national economy." —THE AMERICAN CITY

Price \$3.00

... at your bookstore or direct from

HARPER & BROS., 49 E. 33rd St., New York

fight. Alan Littlefield, the mediocre son in a clever family, falls in love with his doctor's sensual and self-dramatizing wife, and is victimized by the feline humor of the doctor until his self-control cracks. But somehow, though the psychological observation is skillful and cutting, it fails to come off; the personalities are too trivial, their emotions too petty, so that they never rise to the fury of Iles's "Malice Aforethought," or the terror of "Before the Fact."

"A Coffin for Dimitrios" transcends these limitations, though it begins as what seems merely a superior specimen of an orthodox genre. Impelled by mere curiosity, Latimer, a mystery-story writer and former university lecturer, starts investigating the past of a shady scoundrel whose body is fished up out of the Bosphorus. But he gradually wades deeper and deeper into a slough of international intrigue, political assassination, white slavery and drug-running, until he finds himself frighteningly entangled in the extortion of hush-money. The roles are reversed almost; here is no safe stalking of a fugitive from behind the powerful ramparts of the law; the secrets of Dimitrios are tense with danger for those who have ferreted them out. Maybe you'd like to know what it's like to wait in a dingy room for a man you are blackmailing and feel afraid of. Mr. Ambler makes it terrifying.

EDGAR JOHNSON

Single Taxer

Henry George, by Albert Jay Nock. New York: William Morrow and Company. 224 pages. \$2.50.

HENRY GEORGE was a depression baby, born in 1839, when the first great speculative boom of this country was in collapse. Depressions haunted him all his early life as he moved about the country seeking subsistence as sailor, printer, journalist. At the birth of his second child, with no food or fuel in the home, he asked for five dollars of a stranger on the street and got it. If he had not, he said later, "I think I was desperate enough to have killed him." It was this experience of utter destitution that made George see in poverty the great enemy of mankind. His remedy was to make land as free as air by taxing its use as ground rent which every landholder owes to the community.

Mr. Nock marshals a formidable list of anticipators of this doctrine, which George worked out for himself. In its simple form it is absolutely sound, and only the intellectual incapacity of mankind and the tyranny of vested interests prevent its acceptance. To permit one man to monopolize the land from which the support of others is to be drawn is to permit him to appropriate their labor. It was his perception of the fact that "freedom of production could exist only when the land stood in open competition with industry in the labor market" that marks him as a social philosopher. In this character Mr. Nock accepts George as one of the great thinkers of all time; but he deplors the lack of enlightenment that made the philosopher the victim of two superstitions, belief in politics and legislation, and trust in "the curative properties of publicity." These two superstitions turned George from a thinker into an agitator, and led him to take part in the land war in Ireland and to run for Mayor of New York. He made himself a platform orator who wielded great but brief power over the radical movement. Today he is only a name.

Mr. Nock could not have chosen a better subject for his peculiar gifts of thought and style. In his genial pessimism, his mordant satire, his close analysis and acute discrimination, his learning carried off so casually, his intellectual superiority concealed by an air of candor and good faith, he reminds one of Henry Adams. He is loyal to his subject, but he has ends of his own to serve. His characterization of the decade 1887-97 is an example of his free hitting:

Every imbecile socio-politico-economic nostrum that inspired idiocy could devise was trotted out and put on dress parade for the immediate Salvation of Mankind. Free silver; the initiative referendum and recall; farmer-laborism, votes-for-women, popular election of Senators, the Wisconsin Idea, populism, prohibition, the Square Deal, direct primaries, Coxey and his army, Carry Nation and her hatchet, Coin Harvey and his primer—the list is without end.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

A Reader's List

THE WORLD AT WAR

BATTLE AGAINST TIME, by Heinrich Hauser (Scribner's, \$3). The author is a former Nazi who recently came to this country. He now has grave doubts about Germany's capacity to stand the strain of this war; he also claims to be a convert to democracy. But he is visibly inexperienced in the use of democratic clichés about justice and liberty, and still has a great admiration for Goering, to whom his last German book was dedicated.

GERMANY PUTS THE CLOCK BACK, by Edgar Ansel Mowrer (Morrow, \$2.50). A revised and indexed edition of this classical account of Hitler's rise to power. The three additional chapters tell what went before the present war and express the author's optimistic belief that its outcome will be good for the cause of freedom.

THE WELLSPRINGS OF LIBERTY, by Edouard Herriot (Funk and Wagnalls, \$2.50). Fortunately, this is not the reservoir of phrases about liberty that you might expect from the distinguished French statesman, but a series of

sober, objective essays on the history of liberal ideas. They were written before the war to remind Frenchmen of the principles of the French Revolution, and strengthen the morale of believers in democracy.

HITLER'S GERMANY: The Nazi Background to War, by Karl Loewenstein (Macmillan, \$1.25). A concise, but complete and well organized survey of the Nazi government and party machines, seen as a "gigantic experiment in mass control through emotionalism."

POLAND: KEY TO EUROPE, by Raymond Leslie Buell (Knopf, \$3). The third edition contains a new chapter with all the facts about the outbreak of this war and the Nazi conquest of the "key to Europe," while the Soviets walked in through the back door. Though politically ingenuous, this is still the best book on Poland.

THE SECOND WORLD WAR: FIRST PHASE, by Duff Cooper (Scribner's, \$2.50). The former First Lord of the Admiralty, who consistently fought against appeasement and resigned from Chamberlain's Cabinet to protest against the Munich agreement, reviews his political activities during the year preceding the war. Cooper is not so brilliant a master of rhetorics as Winston Churchill, but the speeches and articles included in this book throw considerable light on a decisive period in British politics.

OUR AMERICA

BONANZA INN, by Oscar Lewis and Carroll D. Hall (Knopf, \$3.50). The pre-1906 Palace Hotel as a symbol of the metal and mettle of California's Comstock-golden age. Spirited recreation of a lusty, gusty people, who didn't care how many skeletons they prepared for their descendants' closets.

YOU AMERICANS, edited by B. P. Adams (Funk and Wagnalls, \$2.50). How we look to fifteen foreign press correspondents. We are admired, gawked at, criticized and damped. We are mature and adolescent, shrewd and stupid, hard-headed and impossibly sentimental. An entertaining answer to the snoop stories of our own roving reporters.

144 HOT JAZZ RECORDS, discussed by Hugues Panassié (RCA Manufacturing Company, Camden, N. J.; 25 cents). M. Panassié finds everything and everybody in these

SCIENCE & SOCIETY

A MARXIAN QUARTERLY

SCIENCE & SOCIETY seeks to demonstrate the interdependence of science and society and to stimulate and foster Marxian research in the United States.

CONTENTS OF THE WINTER ISSUE

Volume IV

Number I

SCIENCE TEACHING IN GENERAL EDUCATION

J. D. Bernal

NOTES ON PHILOSOPHY IN NAZI GERMANY

V. J. McGill

JULES GUESDE: PIONEER OF MARXISM IN FRANCE

S. Bernstein

ON THE NATURE OF RENT

Anna Rochester

THE MYSTIC STRAIN IN TOLLER'S WORK

Joseph Kresh

DIALECTICS: LANGUAGE AND CHANGE

J. L. B. Cooper

REVIEWS BY:

Herbert Aptheker, Addison T. Cutler, George Dangerfield, Maurice Dobb, Osmond Fraenkel, Corliss Lamont, Charles Obermeyer, Howard Selsam, John Stuart, and others.

Subscription: ONE DOLLAR a year
Canada and Latin America \$1.25, Foreign \$1.50
SCIENCE & SOCIETY
30 E. 20th St. New York, N. Y.

You Might Like Socialism

A way of life
for modern man
by Corliss Lamont

• Here, in simple and understandable language, is a case for a socialist society. "Here is a voice worthy of the ear of every office worker, factory owner, bank clerk, farmer and mill hand. It is the voice of a reasonable man."

— Greensboro, N. C., News,

308 PAGES **95c**
A MODERN AGE BEST-SELLER

records (which deserve better) unique, great, ravishing, beautiful, sensitive, moving, remarkable, delicate, forceful, delightful, perfect, wonderful, unmatched, magnificent, superb, marvelous, terrific, "the greatest the world has ever known." In a word, the records written about for Victor by M. Panassié are made and sold by Victor.

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY

SCIENCE FOR THE WORLD OF TOMORROW, by Gerald Wendt (Norton, \$2.75). The Science Director of the New York World's Fair reviews the salient contributions of science to the world of today in ten lively and well illustrated chapters. Most of the material is familiar and largely restricted to the United States; the forecasts, though suggestive, show little understanding of the social forces at work.

ANTHROPOLOGY AND RELIGION, by Peter H. Buck (Yale, \$1.50). A description of religion among the Polynesians, stressing its social origins, leads to a defense of religion in general. True or false, says Professor Buck, it is the great cohesive force in society; and the death of the Christian gods might be as disastrous to our culture as the death of the Polynesians' gods was to theirs.

MODERN POLITICAL DOCTRINES, edited by Alfred Zimmern (Oxford, \$3.50). An exceptionally intelligent selection from the works of the philosophers, economists and scientists who furnished the original arguments by which present-day economic and political doctrines are justified. Most of these thinkers would be quite surprised if they saw what has become of their ideas.

FICTION

THE MARCH OF THE HUNDRED, by Manuel Komroff (Coward-McCann, \$2.50). One hundred soldiers lost in the world after 1918; they don't know who they are or what they were fighting or why. A fantasy with sections of interest, but whole stretches that seem bent on separating the reader from the point. Mr. Komroff, incidentally, had some nice material here for a couple of unique short stories.

TO STEP ASIDE, by Noel Coward (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50). Seven short stories with widely varied characters

but with one dominant theme: frustration. Most are entertaining, but in spite of their easy style they have a faintly forced and artificial air. Almost any of them could have been written by someone else—a comedown for Coward.

WASTE HERITAGE, by Irene Baird (Random House, \$2.50). A stern, biting story of the unemployed in northwestern Canada—men who don't want much except to stay alive and are likely to land in jail for demanding that. Miss Baird gives a blow-by-blow account of their struggle against hunger, cold, and their own temptations to violence. Repetitious and awkward in spots, but a forceful document.

Contributors

E. D. KENNEDY, for ten years an associate editor of *Time* and *Fortune*, is the author of "Dividends to Pay," recently published by Reynal and Hitchcock.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN, author of "Farewell to Reform," is an editor of *Fortune*.

THEODORE ROETHKE was educated at Michigan and Harvard Universities. As a member of the English Department at Pennsylvania State College, he gives a course in verse writing.

FRANK C. HANIGHEN, co-author of "Merchants of Death," has just returned from an extended stay in Europe.

LEWIS MUMFORD is the author of books on art, literature and the social sciences. A book on our foreign policy, "Men Must Act," has recently been published in a new and enlarged edition.

EDMUND WILSON is the author of "Axel's Castle," "The Triple Thinkers" and other books of criticism, poetry, drama, fiction and current history.

CHAUNCEY HACKETT, a resident of Provincetown, Massachusetts, practised law in Washington, D. C., for some years. He says he is erroneously supposed to know about children because he likes them. He has five.

EDGAR JOHNSON, the author of "One Mighty Torrent: The Drama of Biography," and "The Praying Mantis," a mystery novel, is on the faculty of City College and lectures at the New School for Social Research.

Attention! Ex-Service Men!

With Packs and Rifles

A New World War Story by

A. B. CALLOWAY, Corporal, 89th Division

Interesting account of life in training in the States, the voyage overseas, England, "sunny" France, on the front, "over the top," out on patrol, with the Army of Occupation in Germany, Coblenz, Trier, gay Paris, and the trip home on the Leviathan. Put this book into your family library.

MEADOR PRESS,

Boston, Mass.

270 PAGES. \$2.00

THEATRE

"The author dunks the Nazis in a nice, cool bath of verbal carboic acid and watches them shrivel. Laughter is the best weapon for such slaughters."—*John Anderson, Journal-Amer.*

CLARE BOOTHE'S HIT **MARGIN FOR ERROR**

Directed by OTTO L. PREMINGER

PLYMOUTH THEATRE WEST 48th STREET. Evenings 8:45
Matinees: Wednesday and Saturday 2:45

THE VENDOME

Madison Ave. at 3rd St., Lakewood, N. J.
TELEPHONE: Lakewood 555

Special diets and nursing care under the personal supervision of a registered nurse.
PRIVATE BATHS MODERATE RATES

PRIVATE SUN PORCHES

Open all year.

RANCH

SUNNY ARIZONA—Small guest ranch—Heart of cattle country—\$100.00 a month—Excellent meals, riding, privacy. Curly Horse Ranch, Sonoita, Arizona.

LITERARY HELP

THESIS WORK, RESEARCH PAPERS. Special Articles, Addresses, promptly prepared to requirements of busy professionals. Our extensive experience available at moderate rates, with assurance of scholarly serviceable results. **AUTHORS RESEARCH BUREAU,** 616 Fifth Avenue, New York.

POSITIONS WANTED

YOUNG MAN, 24, well schooled in Economics, Art; industrious, eager to learn. Experience: teaching (including University), government research, construction. Living in Southwest. Address: Box 201, The New Republic.

COLUMBIA, Ph.D., (woman) experienced research, writing, rewriting, editing, digesting, translating, dictation, economics, sociology, philosophy, etc. Address: Box 200, The New Republic.

LECTURES

WILL HERBERG, Editor, *Workers Age*, on "STALIN'S IMPERIALISM"—Friday Evening, Dec. 15th at the Independent Labor Institute, 131 West 33rd St.
THURSDAY EVE., DEC. 21st—MASS MEETING, "WHITHER RUSSIA," at Manhattan Center, 8th Ave. West 34th Street. Speakers: MIN LURYE, WILL HERBERG.

LUDWIG LORE, will speak on: "THE SITUATION IN EUROPE TODAY," on Tuesday Eve., Dec. 19th, at 8:30 P. M., at 2 West 86th Street. Refreshments. Dancing, Social Hour. Admission 50c. **THE GROUP FORUM.**

LETTERS WANTED

"BIOGRAPHER OF AUGUSTA EVANS WILSON, author of *St. Elmo*," etc., wishes to communicate with owners of letters and other materials by or about her. Write: William Fidler, University, Alabama.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS

HANDWRITING scientifically analyzed by psychologist (Ph.D.). Detailed \$2. 15 pen written lines. State age and sex. Dr. Reiss (Universities of Heidelberg and Paris). 4410 Broadway, New York City. LO 7-7747.

SOCIAL CLUB

NEW Contacts—thru our Personal Service dedicated to the promotion of friendships. Discriminating clientele. Write or phone.

AMERICAN SERVICE

3140 N. Godwin Terrace New York City
Telephone: KINGSbridge 6-2921

CORRESPONDENCE CLUBS

GET ACQUAINTED CLUB—National organization, with live wire members, coast to coast. All ages, either sex. If lonely, write Simpson, Box 1251, Denver, Colo.